

FIVE IN A ROW FOR UCLA

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 5, 1971 60 CENTS

**STEVE PATTERSON
UNEXPECTED HERO**



The smoothest Impala ever has the longest wheelbase ever.



You've changed.

We know. In-depth research and good old common sense told us you'd be determined to get more car for your money than ever before.

So we've changed in response to you.

We've brought you more Impala than ever before. A totally new one for 1971. And we've given it a ride that eclipses even last year's for comfort.

That's thanks to our longest wheelbase ever. 121.5 soothing inches of it.

And thanks to our new chassis. Wider. Steadier.

And our new suspension. Smoother. Quieter.

But you'd like all the peace of mind and quiet you can get, too.

Right?

You've got it.

With Impala's standard power disc brakes for steady, even stops.

With its new roof, which puts two welded steel roof-panels over your head. Stronger. Quieter.

With its new windshield. For improved visibility.

And with its new power ventilation system that turns on when the cardoes. It pulls fresh air in, through,

and back out again.

Even standing still, with

the windows rolled up.

'71 Impala. A lot of

good changes. For one

good reason.

You've changed.



1971. You've changed. We've changed.

Extra care...in customer care

YOUR CHRYSLER MAN IN DETROIT REALLY CARES WHAT YOU THINK



Byron J. Nichols, Vice President in Charge of Consumer Affairs at Chrysler Corporation—Your Man in Detroit. 1970, President of the National Alliance of Businessmen. 1965-1970, Chairman of the Auto Industries Highway Safety Committee. A Chrysler executive for 30 years.

Chrysler Corporation cares, too. Write Byron Nichols.

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Now, we'd like to talk with you about it.

Not to you—with you.

So meet Byron Nichols. A vice president of Chrysler Corporation who works for you. Your man in Detroit. You can write him about your concerns, your comments, your questions,

your complaints—and he will act promptly. And we will back him all the way.

Tell him what you think about our company, our cars, our citizenship, our concerns. He cares and we care. About our engineering, our manufacturing, our products. About you.

Write and get action!

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Which of these cities has the most critical drug problem?



Boston



New York



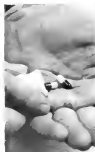
Philadelphia



Chicago



St. Louis



San Francisco



Los Angeles

There are 30,000 New Yorkers who'll do just about anything to get their daily dose of drugs.* That makes New York City the drug capital of America. But every one of these major American cities has a drug problem that's almost as bad.

There's a CBS Owned AM radio station in each of these seven cities, and they're all doing something about drug abuse. It's a big job, because our stations feel responsible to over 60 million people.

WCBS Newsradio is the station that's responsible to New York. Its award-winning series "Report on the Drug Scene" presents the whole ugly truth about drugs. Like its report on newborn babies that are "hooked" because their mothers were addicts.

San Francisco hears about drugs on KCBS Newsradio's series "Drug Scene." Its targets run the range, from pep pills to heroin. And its possible solutions range from drug education in the schools to methadone therapy.

Of course, when the seven CBS Owned stations aren't bringing you the news of the day, we're campaigning against things like pollution, crime, and the high cost of living.

Because community service is pretty habit forming, too.

The CBS Owned AM Stations

We feel responsible to over 60 million people.

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WLSZ Radio 131 Philadelphia
WHDH Newsradio 630 Chicago
KNOB Radio 1150 St. Louis
KGO Newsradio 710 San Francisco
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Credits on page 111

Next week

WHO CAN STOP the Orioles, who can stop the Reds? Those are the questions 22 other big league teams are asking as the 1971 season begins, and here are the answers in a special preview package. Bill Leggett and Roy Blount scout the teams while Frank Deford tells of the organizational wizards who have made Baltimore supreme. There is an instructive—and controversial—new method for rating pitchers and a refreshing view of the game by Arnot Edward Kauper. Plus the usual wide coverage of the week's news and some highly readable springtime features.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

A lot of knowledge, we have found, is a reassuring thing, and as a rule we rely on the expertise of our writers, editors, photographers and artists to assure a high level of editorial credibility. But once in a great while—as in the case of Artist Seymour Chwast—no knowledge is even better. That's why we asked Chwast, who had never seen a golf tournament before, to attend the Masters in Augusta last year and to sketch—through the eye of an uninitiated observer—his impressions of the course, players and patrons of America's most distinguished tournament. What we got was exactly what we had hoped for: a quality of freshness and insight that might well have

mark he made on the 1st tee, after one pro had rapped a 250-yard drive to within a soft eight-iron of the green. "That," Chwast remarked after a moment, "looks too easy."

The center of Chwast's artistic universe for the last six years has been the Push Pin Studios in Manhattan, an institution he helped create and one that has sent its artistic waves rolling as far as the Louvre in Paris, where the studio was honored with a two-month retrospective exhibit last year. Several of Chwast's posters are now part of the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art in New York, and his illustrations turn up almost monthly in the pages of one or more national magazines. His wife Jacqueline helps maintain the creative ambience around the Chwast household by writing and illustrating children's books.

"The Augusta assignment was certainly something different for me," Chwast admits now. "You can hardly fail to be impressed by the smooth way the event is run—its style and organization—and that helped get me over any early uncertainty I had."

And so he tramped the fairways and forests of Augusta National with his 35-mm. camera and shot several dozen rolls of film from which he later sketched the scenes and insights that decorate our pages this week. He got, in addition to a lot of transparencies and some excellent drawings, one of the more vivid sunburns to come out of eastern Georgia last April.

"On the whole, I found it rather fun," he says today. "The people were fascinating, and they were awfully good subjects."

Good subjects or not, Chwast's skill makes it look too easy.



SELF-PORTRAIT OF A NOVICE GOLF FAN

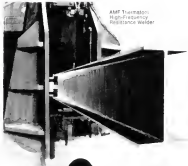
cluded a more knowledgeable and gifted-wise illustrator. Chwast's drawings accompany Bill Gilbert's article, *The Other Side of Paradise*, beginning on page 40.

But if Seymour Chwast was short in the golfing department, he is long in the people category. As a lifelong New Yorker, he has walked the city's avenues and observed its inhabitants with an original eye and a talented pen. He carried on the tradition of creative people-watching among the flow-ering *weeklies* and dogwood of Augusta last April. His first exposure to the game was summed up best in the re-

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High-Frequency
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Our unique idea won't let us blow hot and cold.

One of the toughest bug-a-boos in business is the hot-and-cold swing of the marketplace. Any company that can smooth out the bumps has to be profitable.

AMF is doing it.

With time. We save time for one big market and help another big market spend it.

We start with products and systems and automating machinery that help industry produce more for less.

Take metalworking. AMF has developed a high-frequency-resistance welder that saves money, energy, trouble, and time. Making things like beams for the construction industry.

Having saved man time, we help him spend it

—with a long list of high-quality leisure-time products. Basketballs. Motorcycles. Snow and water skis. Sailboats. Bowling balls. And even leisure products like an AMF snow blower that turns a back-breaking job into fun.

Business. Pleasure. And Time. A unique idea that helped make 1970 the most profitable year in our history.

AMF Incorporated, 261 Madison Ave., New York, New York 10016



AMF

AMF mixes business with pleasure. Profitably.

Where else can you advertise a \$200,000 job and get turned down?



Put it another way. Where else could you advertise for a \$200,000-a-year man and expect him to reply?

Not many places, we think.

But we know of at least one place: Fortune. Because it actually happened when an executive search firm took a page ad

for a client and told the business world: "We are looking for a president."

Not any old president would do. The man they wanted had to be in the six-figure bracket.

Would one man respond? No. Seventy-one did. All making six-figure incomes. All responding to one ad in Fortune.

One of them wrote: "Thank you. This is the first time in my life I've had a chance to turn down a \$200,000-a-year job."

The company found its new president through the ad.

This unique story points out something unique about Fortune:

Who our readers are.

Of 580,000 subscribers, 70% are in management jobs. Over half of those hold the top job in their companies: chairman, president, chief executive officer.

Three out of four read their copies completely at home.

The average Fortune reader spends 3½ hours with his copy. Some thirty percent spend four or more hours.

So whether you're looking for a new president, or a new market, or a new customer, Fortune is a good place to look.

FORTUNE. The longer we're read, the better you're read.

Sears Steel-Belted Radials.

They ran the Baja Race without a failure. 832 murderous miles of rocks, ruts and cactus.

The Baja is where they run one of the most brutal races in the world. Over one of the most brutal race courses in the world.

832 miles through the Mexican Baja peninsula. 832 miles of blistering, slammimg, tire-shredding rocks, ruts, and cactus.

They call it the Baja 1000. We call it the ultimate road test.

This year, the cars that won first place in three different classes ran all the way on Sears Steel-Belted Radial Tires.

All three winners

broke all existing records. And altogether ten cars running on Sears Steel-Belted Radials finished in the money.

Impressive? We'd say so. Especially when you stop to think that these are the same Steel-Belted Radial Tires that



Sears sells for cars like yours. Braced with flexible steel belts under the tread, for more traction,

impact strength, and mileage than just about any other passenger-car tire.

Yes, we said mileage, too. Over 70,000



miles in actual test. More than the best tires, made by the 14 leading manufacturers, that we tested: conventional tires, fiber glass belted tires—even radials.

Sears Steel-Belted Radials cost a little more. But that little goes

a long, long way. And if that's not enough to keep your budget happy, you can use Sears Easy-Payment Plan.

Sears Steel-Belted Radial Tire. The tire that beat the Baja.

Only at Sears, Roebuck and Co.



Tire and Auto Center
Where you buy tires with confidence.



Avis is No.1 in serving you at airports.

Avis
serves over



850 airports around the world.

And if we can do it at airports,
where more people rent cars than
anywhere, then we can do it
everywhere.

**We've been No.2 long enough.
Avis. We try harder.**

A conversion privilege is an option in a football game. Isn't it?



We've fumbled our definition to make a point.

The point being that most people don't know enough about life insurance. Which can cause a family to have too little life insurance, or not enough of the right kind.

And that's too bad, because life insurance really isn't that hard to understand.

A conversion privilege, for instance, is really an option that lets you switch from a temporary kind of life insurance to a permanent plan without having to take a physical, fill out a lot of forms or buy a new policy.

This way, you can buy inexpensive insurance early in life and then switch to more complete insurance when you can better afford it.

Want to know more? We can help. We're not in the business of selling life insurance. We're here to help you do a better job of buying it. By giving you information that can help you talk to an agent with more

confidence than you may have right now.

The fact is, we have a 64-page booklet called *Understanding Your Life Insurance*. The booklet is free. And it's filled with the simple ideas behind complicated-sounding terms like conversion privilege.

So why not write to us and ask for a copy. We'll mail it to you, fast.

Institute of Life Insurance

Central source of information about life insurance
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Please send me a free copy of "Understanding Your Life Insurance."

Name

Address

City State Zip

NOW THAT AMERICA HAS ACCEPTED THE EUROPEAN IDEA OF THE SMALL CAR, WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THE EUROPEANS' IDEA OF THE BEST SMALL CAR IS?

Here in America, one gets a somewhat distorted idea of who's who in small cars.

Most Americans assume that Volkswagen invented the small car. And that Volkswagen is the biggest selling small car in Europe, as well as America.

The truth is that both these assumptions are misconceptions.

To start with, Fiat invented the small car, way back in 1936. (It was called the Topolino, which is Italian for "Little Mouse.")

And secondly, Fiat is the biggest selling car in Europe, where they've been buying small cars for three generations.

For every Volkswagen sold in Italy, eight Fiats are sold in Germany.

For every Renault sold in Italy, three Fiats are sold in France.

For every Volvo sold in Italy, nine Fiats are sold in Sweden.

You might well consider all this if you're thinking about sinking a couple of thousand dollars or so into a small car.

After all, when it comes to small cars, you can't fool a European.

FIAT

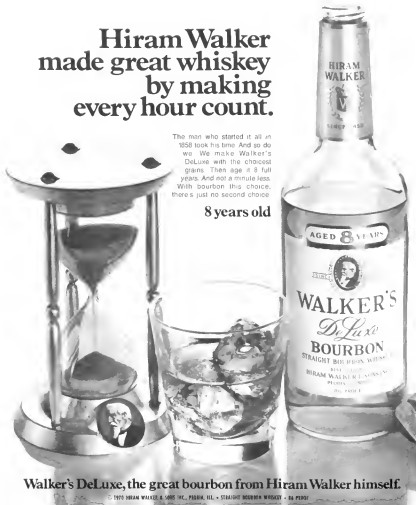
The biggest selling car in Europe.



Hiram Walker made great whiskey by making every hour count.

The man who started it all in 1858 took his time. And so do we. We make Walker's DeLuxe with the choicest grains. Then age it 8 full years. And not a minute less. With bourbon this choice, there's just no second choice.

8 years old



Walker's DeLuxe, the great bourbon from Hiram Walker himself.

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Exactly how do people feel about your advertising?

A common complaint among industrial top management people is their feeling that it's extremely difficult to measure the effectiveness of their company's advertising.

At Business Week we know how you feel.

So recently we came up with a sophisticated ad measurement technique which tells how people *feel*. It's called Multimeasure, and so far only Business Week has it.

Quite simply, Multimeasure is the latest thing in continuing

ad readership surveys.

Like previous surveys it will measure readership, and rate effectiveness by space/cost ratios compared with competing ads.

But in addition Multimeasure will reflect readers' attitudes and emotions. It will tell you how familiar readers are with your company. How well they accept your products. Even how good an investment they think your stock is.

There are more details to

Multimeasure. But in a nutshell, Multimeasure tells more about advertising effectiveness, and because of scientific sampling, the conclusions are scientifically projectable.

More than anything like it around, Multimeasure tells you how people feel about your advertising.

Once you know that you'll know how to make your advertising work even harder for you.

And that's exactly what it's all about.

Business Week

We mean business.



If all golf balls are the same...how come we can show you this

This is the official record. We didn't write it, the pros did. All we do is make the Titleist golf ball, the ball that goes consistently farther, time after time. That's what helps golfers win. That's why it's called the Money Ball. **O**

ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT
Sole U.S. distributor for all clubs and equipment

OFFICIAL 1970 TOUR RESULTS*

	Titleist	Wilson	Spalding	Dunlop	All others
Money Earnings	\$3,114,165	\$807,359	\$647,711	\$617,978	\$1,023,926
Number of Players using	4,490	947	627	810	989
Tournament Winners	26	8	4	4	8

*Source: Official ball records taken from the 1970 PGA Tour, U.S. Open, and U.S. Women's Open, and U.S. Golf Association records.

Titleist
the
money
ball



BOOKTALK

An essayist with a discriminating eye
makes a fine art of being a spectator

There are participants and there are spectators—jocks and fans, in the jargon of sports. And there is Edward Hoagland, who is really neither, but whose book, *The Course of Turtles* (Random House, \$5.95), proves him to be both. In these essays, Hoagland is either the eager participant or the curious, avid fan—studying and analyzing, cheering boisterously, philosophizing. He is not "one of those professional eye witnesses who is willing to watch anything just on the grounds that it is happening."

Hoagland's past books include a novel about boxing, *The Circle Home*, and a remarkable evocation of wilderness life in his journal, *Naves from the Century Before*. His essays in *The Course of Turtles* range from sports to comedy fairs, and he discusses on such subjects as being in love, bear hunting, rodeos, composition and tugboats. Whatever it is, he watches and records in precise detail. Consider: a tugboat ride where "the spray plumed like cream at our bow, and the water was like crinkled tin-foil." Two circus performers "who look like the President of Mexico photographed twice." Hoagland is a spectator who watches so closely that he joins in the spectacle.

And he enjoys almost everything. Writers, Hoagland suggests, "can be categorized by many criteria, one of which is whether they prefer subject matter that they rejoice in or subject matter they deplore and wish to savage with ironies." Hoagland is a rejoicer. He comes to the rodeo "eager for the round-and-round motility of the arena." He goes to the Manhattan waterfront "expressly to watch the smoke from the Con Ed stacks jump, flutten, and jump again." He watches billiard balls and concludes that they "revel in the zigzag sociability of the table."

Hoagland sees it all with a clear eye, passionately devours it and makes modest conclusions based on what he observes, not what he claims to know. About a boxing match he comments that "though we are tired of the delirium in the streets, we are only tiring of disorder. Make it concise, put ropes or white lines around it, and we will go." He examines the work of a taxidermist and notes that it "resembles an undertaker's, with the congenial difference that he needn't hurry or pretend to be sad."

He offers the reader 15 essays—small works produced by a man who is curious, attentive, enthusiastic and honest. He makes us take on the role of participating spectator. For himself he leans to a different role from years gone by: making lemonade and reclining "on the screen porch listening to Mel Allen broadcast the Yankee game."

—JANE GROSS

Sears Golf Shoes

...with spikes
that never need
replacing.



That's right.

These permanent spikes made of durable carbide will never wear out or corrode. So you get a solid stance every time out.

These Sears golf shoes have another great thing going for them, too. Corfam® peromeric uppers. They're weather-resistant so you play in comfort, rain or shine. And Corfam means easy care . . . wipes to a shine in seconds.

What's more, don't be misled by the stylish look and colors of all Sears golf shoes. These are under \$22.

At all larger Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores and through the catalog.

The Shoe Place at

Sears

Two great styles—wing-tip and strap with buckle.





Eldorado Convertible.

In all the world
there's but one car to equal it.

In many ways, the all-new 1971 Fleetwood Eldorado Convertible by Cadillac is unique.

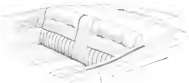
As the only luxury convertible now built in America, it is both dramatically beautiful and remarkably responsive. Young Glamorous. Every inch an Eldorado—from its jewel-like standup crest to its beveled rear deck. It is truly one of the world's two most elegant personal cars



Slide behind the wheel, and you quickly become aware that this is like no other convertible you've ever seen. The richness of the soft, pliable Sierra grain leather upholstery is available in a total of ten colors. The newly designed steering wheel sounds the horn when pushed anywhere in the padded center area. The gracefully curved instrument panel allows you to see all the gauges at a glance.

Turn the key, and you quickly become aware that this is like no convertible you've ever driven. Its 8.2 litre V-8 is the world's largest production passenger car engine. Yet it runs efficiently on no-lead and low-lead gas to reduce exhaust pollutants. You'll feel the difference made by front-wheel drive, variable-ratio power steering, power front disc brakes and Automatic Level Control.

It even converts uniquely. An ingenious new inward-folding Hideaway Top folds behind the seat when it is



lowered. The results are a more graceful top-down appearance and full-width room for rear-seat passengers.

'And what other car, you might ask,' has credentials to match these?'

Only one. The magnificent new Eldorado Coupe by Cadillac.

According to its owners, it is the equal of the Eldorado Convertible. They point to its long, low distinctive design. Its luxuriously appointed interior. And its new coach windows—an Eldorado exclusive that accentuates its classic, personal car appearance.

The Eldorado Coupe, too, has the smoother, quieter ride that results from a longer wheelbase and new suspension. It, too, has side-guard beams in the doors for your added security. It, too, has all the other Cadillac safety items—including easy-to-use seat and shoulder belts. It, too, offers a wide range of options for your driving



ease and comfort.

A case in point is Cadillac's Twilight Sentinel. It turns driving lights on and off automatically in response to light conditions. It also allows you to leave headlamps and either cornering lamp on for up to

90 seconds to light your path from the car.

So it seems to come down to this. The only car you can compare to an Eldorado is another Eldorado. The Eldorado Convertible and Eldorado Coupe. No other automobiles anywhere are their equal.

Your Cadillac dealer cordially invites you to experience the singular pleasure of driving either of the world's most elegant personal cars. Or both.



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Watch Masters Golf with the Leader, Cadillac, April 10-11, CBS-TV.

Cadillac

The Pleasure Principle

As long as you're going to spend the money for a good scotch, why not spend a little more and get a great scotch.

J&B RARE
The Pleasure Principle



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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

THE HAYWOOD CASE (STILL CONT.)

One day the case of Spencer Haywood, who was signed—some say prematurely—from college into professional basketball, will be resolved. In the meantime not many pragmatic solutions have been offered. It would seem to be a violation of free enterprise to deny a college player the privilege of going into the pro game before graduation, or whenever he likes. Why should an athlete with unique skills be prevented from selling them in the marketplace because of a self-serving and possibly illegal agreement between the colleges and the pro leagues? On the other hand, to permit unlimited signings of college athletes might come close to destroying college sports as we now know them (SI, March 29).

Now comes Ted O'Leary, a student of sport and jurisprudence, with a suggestion. O'Leary would set up a national commission consisting of representatives of the pro leagues, the NCAA and its member institutions and, most important, representatives of two groups largely overlooked by the sports bureaucracy—the athletes and their parents. Head the commission, O'Leary says, with someone beholden to neither the colleges nor the pros. If a college athlete believed he had a valid reason to sign with a pro team he could apply for permission to the commission. The latter would elicit all pertinent facts—such as whether the athlete or members of his family were truly suffering financial hardship, his chances for professional success in sport without additional college experience, whether the athlete had the innate intelligence to profit from a college education, and so on. The commission then would rule.

To contend that this would deprive the athlete of an education overlooks the fact that he could always go back to college in the off season and work for a degree, as some pro athletes now do. He would have his own money to pay for his education and he could concentrate on his studies far better than

when forced to spend several hours a day going to football and basketball practice and attending squad meetings.

As it is, all too few college athletes graduate. The protestations of the college people about the pros robbing college athletes of their chance for an education would go down better if the college people gave more effort to seeing that their athletes got their degrees.

NEW GOALS FOR HOCKEY

Professional hockey is approaching its particular educational problem with far more concern for the individual. Hockey players are traditionally inducted into the game even before their 'teens and soon have but little time for school. Many players in the National Hockey League lack high school diplomas. Now the NHL is taking a long step toward repairing the situation.

So that the players may complete or at least further their education without interfering with their hockey careers, the league has worked out special arrangements with the University of Ottawa, which will offer two six-week courses each summer. Players may complete high school, take a college preparatory course or take college courses which will earn credits toward a degree. There will be courses in public speaking and business management which will be noncredit but will be prerequisites for all other courses. Cost of tuition, room and board will be shared equally by the players and their teams.

Clarence Campbell, league president, called the move "the most significant thing we've done since the institution of the pension plan."

You scored a goal that time, Clarence.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE

There are sports called baseball, basketball and football. Then, two, there are sports called golf, Ping-Pong and tennis. All are played with balls.

A philologically oriented group in

Memphis, reported on by Lydel Sims in the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, is seeking to firm up the language in this area. They offer two alternatives. Either call the latter sports golfball, Ping-Pongball and tennisball, or call the former games base, basket and foot.

BAD DAY AT LATONIA

Riding at Latonia, Ky., Jockey Vincent Clark had an interesting day.

On his way to the track he was stopped for speeding. He proceeded with great caution and was ticketed for driving too slowly on an interstate highway. At the track he had a 10-to-1 mount and rode him to a photo finish for first. The horse was judged to have come in second.

DIAGNOSTICIAN

Superman has X-ray vision and it just might be that Ralph Tate, Oklahoma State track coach, has it too.

At a recent indoor meet Tate timed his mile relay anchor man, Stan Stolpe, in 53.7 seconds, some 7.4 seconds slower than Stolpe's best time for the quarter-mile. After the race Tate, disgusted, snapped at Stolpe, "Stan, you



could run that fast with a broken leg."

In the locker room a trainer took a look at Stolpe's leg and decided he needed a better look. Later X rays showed that Stolpe had broken a small bone directly above the ankle.

RECIDIVISM IN THE DUCK BLIND

Since 1962 Robert M. Carpenter Jr., owner of the Philadelphia Phillies, and

continued

his son Robert have been convicted of illegal duck shooting four times. They have just paid \$500 fines after pleading no contest to exceeding the bag limit in Maryland in October 1969. With a limit of three apiece, they shot 10.

Noting their record, Judge James R. Maller Jr. observed that another offense would warrant a jail term. J. Frederick Metz, Assistant U.S. Attorney for Maryland, said the Carpenters' duck-hunting record is "an arrogance that is an insult to every law-abiding citizen."

Their record is particularly bad, Metz added, in view of the fact that they own the Phillies and nevertheless "have been continual violators of the rules of fair play in the sport of hunting."

Obviously, stiff fines mean nothing to the rich Carpenters. Obviously, too, their connection with sport has taught them little about sportsmanship.

CHERRY ECOLOGICAL NOTE

Until this winter no trout larger than 30 pounds had ever been taken from

the steelhead rivers of western Washington. Then, on New Year's Day, Albert English of Bellingham, fishing the Skagit River near Mount Vernon, beached a male steelhead weighing 30 lbs. 2 oz. That was only the beginning.

In February, Ted Burton of Idaho, fishing the lower Quinnault River with an Indian guide, boated a steelhead weighing an even 32 pounds. Hardly was this record dry on the books than Harold Halverson of Sedro-Woolley, Wash., fishing off Whiskey Bar of the Skagit on March 3, gaffed a steelhead weighing 32 lbs. 8 oz. Six days later, on March 9, Clifford Aymes of Puyallup, Wash., took one weighing 32 lbs. 10 oz. from the Cowlitz River.

In the ordinary course of events winter-run steelhead of such magnificence are taken possibly once every five to 10 years—and never in Washington rivers. The world record is a 36-pounder taken in 1954 from British Columbia's Kispinax River.

How come this sudden upsurge in

"over-30" steelheads? Fisheries biologists note that all the big ones are six-year fish on their first delayed spawning run and figure that their tardy sexual maturation may be due to last year's exceedingly low water at river mouths.

"They felt no freshets tumbling down the rivers and may have been discouraged from coming in," one surmised. "Add to that, extremely good survival conditions at sea for them, noticeable also in the runs of huge, oversized coho salmon last fall, and you have fish who have spent extra years at sea under prime growth conditions."

DOWN MEMORY LANE WITH SCHULTZ

Before going into college basketball coaching, Dick Schultz, head coach at the University of Iowa, was a minor league baseball catcher. He once had a manager who was given to eccentric line-up changes.

The manager decided one night to put a rookie third baseman at first base, a position he had never played before. The



inevitable happened. A left-handed batter drilled a grounder to the neophyte first baseman, who grabbed the ball and, instead of stepping on the base for the out, reflexively began a throw, quite as if he were playing third. But halfway through the throwing motion he realized where he was and fell into a series of contortions in an effort to keep from throwing the ball away. The runner was so startled by this that he stopped on the baseline. The first baseman finally fired the ball to home plate, where Catcher Schultz made a startled grab.

"I didn't want the ball," Schultz says, "so I threw it back to him."

Although the runner had stopped, the first baseman still did not think to step on first. Instead, he did what a third baseman would do. He cut him off and started a rundown play. The runner, by now as confused as anyone, fell into the act as the first baseman and Schultz began throwing the ball back and forth. Finally the runner made his break back to his last base, which happened to be home.

Schultz tagged him and the umpire belatedly, "You're out!"

Schultz had only one question. He turned to the umpire and inquired innocently: "What would you have done if he had been safe?"

GENERATION GAP

So far as at least three veteran basketball coaches are concerned, the college players of today are spoiled brats.

Resigning at the University of Louisville after a severe heart attack, and after winning 68 games and losing 22, John Dremo sighed that "college ball has lost a lot of its glamor."

"In 1953," he recalled glumly, "I recruited the whole National Invitation Tournament champions' starting lineup on a \$690 budget. Now we have to spend that much on one kid. They want you to fly them in and entertain them. Why, we've got a lot of letters from kids who want to visit us on May 1. And you know why? That's Derby Week and they want us to pay

their way to the Kentucky Derby."

Meanwhile, at Houston, Johnny Wooden of UCLA was saying that players are not as "coachable" these days.

"There's a rebellion against supervision of almost any sort," he said. "To accept discipline now is almost a badge of dishonor."

Crusty Adolph Rupp, president of the American Basketball Coaches Association and one of the game's strictest disciplinarians, agreed with Wooden that coaching isn't as much fun as it once was. And for the same reason. The players resent discipline. Well, as basketball fans will understand, prospective millionaires tend to be like that.

THEY SAID IT

• Mayor Joe Young of Tilbury, Ontario, explaining why the town arena is always full, even though the Tilbury Bluebirds of the Great Lakes Junior Hockey League have lost 43 consecutive games: "Nobody wants to miss it in case we ever win one." **END**

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A CLOSE ONE AT LAST

The Bruins of UCLA won their fifth straight NCAA national title, but for once there was an element of doubt. Howard Porter and Villanova almost set the East on fire before their flame finally was doused **by JOE JARES**

When the UCLA basketball team arrived in Houston for the NCAA championships, Coach John Wooden made one of his typically startling forecasts. "I think we have as good a chance as any team here," he said. There was that raspy going out on a limb again.

So, having been forewarned by Wooden—and the fact that UCLA hasn't lost a playoff game since smog was invented—absolutely nobody was astonished when the Bruins beat Kansas 68-60 in the semifinals Thursday night with their usual workmanlike precision, then subdued inspired Villanova 68-62 in the finals on Saturday. The fact that UCLA's lone candidate for superstardom, fashion plate Sidney Wicks, had to play with a sore big toe might have worried some people. Not UCLA. The school tabloid, *The Daily Bruin*, already had made the necessary allowances in the budget for an eight-page color supplement celebrating the championship.

For the benefit of those whose subscriptions to *The Daily Bruin* have expired, UCLA now has won five straight NCAA championships ("Gimme five," the UCLA buttons said) and seven of the last eight. The team's record for the past five seasons is 145-5 and it has won 28 straight NCAA tournament games. Opposing schools are going to make up buttons saying, "Givus help!"

If the story of this year's NCAA showdown was familiar, the setting at least was different. The court was a four-foot-high platform squinting out in the middle of the Astrodome's acreage, with an 80-foot-high NBC camera crane poised above it at one end like a creature feature predator ready to pounce. The spec-

tators at ground level needed periscopes; the spectators in the stands needed telescopes. Photographers sitting cross-legged at either end of the floor were threatened with decapitation by people sitting behind and below them as the Astrodome set a new two-day, U.S.-arena record for "down in fronts." But worse was yet to come. The customers not only were unable to see the games, they couldn't see those nubile UCLA pom-pom girls doing a quick costume change and coming out in homemade hot pants. "Givus help!"

The NCAA knew all along that the Astrodome was far more suitable for feeding Christians to lions than for basketball, but the potential payoff was too much to resist. The two sessions drew 63,193 people, which is a lot of sweetening for a tournament pot. One official estimated that each of the four semifinalists would cart home about \$60,000, much more than teams had before.

For the players, there was a problem, too: not the lights, as some expected, but the short distance between the sidelines and the edges of the raised floor—only about 10 feet. A man chasing a loose ball toward the side felt like a Navy pilot overshooting an aircraft carrier. When Western Kentucky Coach Johnny Oldham stepped up on the court for a practice session, he said:

"Here's my first prediction. Clarence Glover goes over the side."

"I'll go after the ball," said Western's Rex Bailey. "I may not want to, but when you're playing for the national championship you don't hold back. Of course, I'll land on somebody's head."

Several players did overshoot the run-

way in the four games (Glover not among them, despite his usual hustling performance), but miraculously nobody got hurt. Outside the Dome, however, a Western Kentucky student was killed trying to jump from a motel balcony into a swimming pool.

The first semifinal game was between East Regional champion Villanova, playing in its 10th postseason tournament in Jack Kraft's 10 years as coach, and the Magdasi Western Kentucky. To cynics it looked like a preview of next season's ABA playoffs; two newsmen with good eyesight reported seeing ABA contracts signed by Villanova's 6' 8" Howard Porter and Western's 7-foot Jam McDaniels. Both players signed affidavits for the NCAA, swearing they were still unsuited, but early on Monday the Pittsburgh Condors announced they had signed Porter.

McDaniels did not seem bothered by an insulting banner—"Big Mac is a 59¢ hamburger"—and had an ABA-type night shooting and rebounding, but his extremely amateurish job of defense against Villanova's Hank Siemionowski—along with a missed free throw by Jerry Dunn with four seconds to go—probably cost Western the game. Western had 32 more shots and 11 more rebounds than Villanova but still lost in double overtime 92-89.

UCLA took out Kansas in a tough but not particularly hair-raising fashion. The Bruins led at 32-25, then K. U. made

continued

Howard Porter, lying in a Most Outstanding shot to keep Villanova alive, could not offset shooting of high scorer Steve Patterson.





a run early in the second half. Kansas Coach Ted Owens felt that his team lost momentum and never regained it when 6'10" Dave Robisch put in a jump shot to tie the game at 39-all, only to have the goal nullified because he had taken steps. UCLA moved steadily out into the lead, went ahead by as much as 15 points and won by eight.

For the Bruins, it was the work of an expertly programmed machine grinding down an opponent, but belowstairs—in other arenas one would say "on the sideline"—things were a bit more confusing than observers of UCLA's cold efficiency would ever guess. Master technician Wooden and one of his assistants, Denny Crum, spent part of the time bickering with each other. At one point Crum wanted to send in Guard Terry Schofield. Wooden said no and Crum beckoned for Schofield anyway. Wooden threatened to banish Crum to the end of the bench and Crum said he would not sit there. Henry Bibby, a regular guard, tried to cool them off.

After another strategy disagreement, Wooden said: "I'm the coach of this team, and don't tell me how to coach my team."

Wooden always has said he likes "high-spirited" players, and, while Crum no doubt went too far, the head coach likes the same quality in his aides. He has never had yes-men around him. One of the secrets to his success, in fact, is that after considerable prodding and debate an aide can sometimes get Wooden to accept new ideas. For instance, ex-Assistant Jerry Norman convinced him to use the diamond-and-one defense that helped stop Houston's Elvin Hayes in the 1968 semifinals.

On Saturday, Villanova was hoping to become the second team in history with six losses on its record to win the NCAA tournament (Kentucky's "Fiddling Five" did it in 1958). The Wildcats had only nine players, so they were practicing with "the publicity man from the school paper, an injured player and two managers," said Kraft. "We only can play five men at a time, so we're not worried about it."

Villanova had shocked everyone by murdering strong Penn by 43 points in

the East Regional. After the Wildcats beat Western Kentucky Thursday, a group of Villanova students marched about 11 miles to the Penn campus to crow some more, and on Friday Kraft was named university division Coach of the Year by the National Association of Basketball Coaches. The season already was a huge success, but Villanova did not intend to stop playing basketball just yet.

"The whole East Coast will go up in flames if we win," said Szemionkowski. "The school would be unbelievable. They'd burn it."

Villanova cheerleader Tim Halloran, nicknamed "Rootie Kazootie," had no fear of the Bruin pompon girls, either. "I'm really psyched up," he said. "This is my last game."

Well, UCLA saved the East from firebugs, but Rootie Kazootie's last game was plenty exciting.

Villanova opened in a two-three zone, the sort that had given UCLA so much trouble in the West Regional game against Long Beach State. The Pennsylvanians held Wicks and Curtis Rowe in check fairly well, but 6'9" Center Steve Patterson (see cover) made nine of 13 shots, inside and out, and had 20 points at the half. (Patterson turned down two pro offers to forgo his senior year at UCLA. "I know I'm not a famous entity," he said, "but I might have been infamous if I had left and UCLA lost a national championship because of that.")

With five minutes to go in the first half and UCLA holding a 39-32 lead by virtue of its furious pressing defense and some hot long-range shooting, the Bruins went into a stall to force Villanova out of its zone. Villanova obliged, just slightly, but that was enough for UCLA to move ahead by 11 points.

In the second half, UCLA spread out again. Wooden was afraid the long shots, so necessary against the zone, would stop dropping and he was certain his team could score on Villanova's seldom seen man-to-man. He was wrong. Villanova played man-to-man as if it had just discovered a new toy and the game turned into a battle to the end. When UCLA called a time out with 4:53 remaining, the Wildcats were only four points behind. Their man-to-man had held the Bruins to just three field goals—all layups. And the fans who could see at all were being treated to a superb show, a

duel between All-America Wicks and All-America Howard Porter.

Twice Porter's jump shots closed the margin to three points, but three points were as close as Villanova would come. When Patterson's layup, aided by a goal tending call, made it 66-60 with 38 seconds left, Wicks went into his mugging act. He was justified. He had his third national championship.

Patterson finished his Saturday chores with 29 points, a career high. Porter, who scored 25 points, was voted the tournament's outstanding player. And Wicks had the game ball in his clutches. "Lew said he came to win three," Wicks said. "And I did, too."

To the credit of Villanova, this was the first time in years UCLA had had to work up a sweat in an NCAA-final game. Indeed, during the Lew Alcindor era it often seemed there were no final games—just passionless exhibitions. But this season's Wicks team, which was not up to its immediate predecessors, had grown used to close calls. The Bruins even lost once, to Notre Dame by seven points. They beat Stanford by only five points. They beat USC, after trailing by nine points with only 9½ minutes to go. They trailed Oregon by one point with less than a minute to go when Bibby stole the ball and drove in for the winning basket. Wicks hit a 20-foot jump shot in the final seconds to beat Oregon State. Two foul shots with seven seconds to go were the margin over Washington State. Rowe's jump shot with less than a minute left beat Washington. And UCLA squeezed past Long Beach State by two points.

"At times it looked bad," said Wooden. "But somehow we stuck in there. Except for the Notre Dame game, we always ended up where we wanted to be at the end."

Afterward, as Wooden stood where he wanted to be, with his seventh NCAA championship wristwatch in his hand and interviewers and well-wishers surrounding him, it was easy to recall the brief clipping he had produced at the coaches' convention the day before.

It was one of those 25-years-ago-to-day features from an Elkhart, Ind. newspaper and it told how, in 1946, Coach John Wooden of South Bend Central High, a recent service returnee, came to speak at a writer sports banquet. "They had hoped to line up some prominent college coach," the paper said. **END**

For a time UCLA's pompon girls supplied the action as the Bruins stilled on the way to a big win for Sidney Wicks and John Wooden.

When Gulfstream Park puts on its \$137,800 Florida Derby, management is disappointed if the paying customer doesn't go home with the feeling that he has divided his day between the circus and the zoo. Cypress Garden water skiers cavort acrobatically on the infield lake, and a knife-flier makes like an astronaut high above the blinking tote board. Bands tootle endlessly and the stands are awash with a specially concocted rum-thrasher known as a Derby Daquiri.

Even before the rum takes its toll of the senses, Gulfstream traditionally opens Florida Derby Day with a few jockeys behaving idiotically aboard a variety of non-horses in special sprints. In past years, crowds have cast an unconvinced eye on "races" among elephants, camels, ostriches, reindeer, yaks, Brahma bulls, mules, miniature horses, llamas and zebras. Last week there were "wild" bears, three of them exotically named Unbearable, Beri Beri and Barely Ready, all going a 16th of a mile for a purse of 100 pounds of honey. Unbearable won by 20 lengths, and there was also a blonde named Goldlocks who roamed the stands giving away little packages of Smuckers Clover Honey.

This shambles was at noon. Five hours—and seven claiming races—later Gulfstream got around to the 20th running of the 1 1/8th-mile Florida Derby, the last big race of the Florida season for classic 3-year-olds. Hialeah's Flamingo on March 3 had been won by Peter Kassel's Executioner, the colt was generally expected to add the Florida Derby to his record and establish himself as one of the few serious challengers to Hoist The Flag, who is currently—if not prematurely—regarded as the unbeatable favorite for the Kentucky Derby and the rest of the Triple Crown.

As it turned out, Executioner was axed by Calumet Farm's Eastern Fleet, second choice in the betting. Eastern Fleet led every step of the way, Executioner was second every step of the way, and that's the way they went over the finish line—separated by bare-

THEY'RE ALL RUNNING AFTER THE FLAG

Everybody's favorite for the Kentucky Derby is Hoist The Flag, but the other colts keep trying, running, winning and hoping **by WHITNEY TOWER**

ly three-quarters of a length. Twice Jockey Jacinto Vasquez had Executioner make a move at Eastern Fleet, and twice Eddie Maple, a 22-year-old from Carrollton, Ohio who was about to notch his first \$100,000 stakes victory, let out a little throttle with Eastern Fleet; the issue never seemed in doubt.

Three lengths behind Executioner was Jim French, whose record suggests an affinity for third place, and eight lengths after him came Sole Mio, who might be fond of finishing fourth; then followed Limit To Reason and the rest of the field. The winner's time of 1:47 1/2 was extremely good, but not entirely unexpected. Eastern Fleet a week earlier had set a track record of 1:20 1/2 for seven furlongs.

So might this be the year of Calumet's comeback? Reggie Cornell, who took over the training of the devil's-red and blue silks last summer, thinks yes, maybe. He has four 3-year-olds nominated to the Kentucky Derby, although he is unlikely to start more than two of them. Son Ange spread a shoe in his last race and won't be galloping for at least another week, which virtually eliminates him, and Gleaming is to be restricted to grass races for the time being. But when it comes to discussing Eastern Fleet and Bold and Able, Cornell sounds like a watered-down version of Casey Stengel. Dig this: "When we came to Hialeah I thought Eastern Fleet was my best Triple Crown candidate, then I thought it was Bold and Able. Now Eastern Fleet is a great big overgrown kid who doesn't know anything about run-

ning yet. He's awkward and a bit dumb but he's a fighter and I like to run on the lead, but he doesn't have to. He can be rated. In fact, when he learns more, the fact that he is big and durable will make him very tough to beat. He runs now only when he wants to, but that's often the way with his breeding" (Eastern Fleet is by the speed star Fleet Nasrullah out of the Bull Lea mare Amoret, a full sister to Mark-Ye-Well.) "Bill Shoemaker has had a lot of experience with them and he told me that when a Fleet Nasrullah wants to run, let him run. If you take back on him too abruptly he'll dog it with you. Still, Bold and Able is as good as a horse can be right now, and he can run faster than Eastern Fleet any time. He's had shin trouble on and off this winter, and that's why we ran him on the turf instead of on this fast Gulfstream strip. Now we'll take both these colts to Keeneland and see if they can earn a ticket to Churchill Downs."

Baffling? But Reggie Cornell is a solid horseman who does not put horses where they do not belong, and if either of his favored colts shows up in Louisville on Derby Day it will not be for a tour of Churchill Downs' Kentucky Derby museum to look over the history of Calumet's seven previous Derby victories. Or eight, if you feel that Forward Pass was entitled to roneland

Eastern Fleet (No. 2) led all the way in the Florida Derby; under whipping by jockey Vasquez, Executioner was galloping at the end





money in the 1968 Butazolidin Derby that Peter Fuller's Dancer's Image did or did not win.

Recently, Cornell was toying with the idea of sending one of his charges to California for the Santa Anita Derby, but Mrs. Lucille Markey, Calumet's owner, who goes into a slow burn at the very mention of Butazolidin, got the message across that she would rather not have a horse of hers running in a state (California) where Bute is on the permissive medication list. Mrs. Markey had also had Kentucky on her states-I-will-not-race-in list since that 1968 affair (but last January she declared, "I never said I wouldn't ever race again in Kentucky. I just said I wouldn't race there until a decision was made one way or the other"). Now, with a couple of Derby prospects in her barn, she is ready to forget (if not forgive) and again grace Churchill Downs with Calumet's presence.

Peter Kissel appears to have more firmly anchored convictions. The fact that Executioner closed the gap on Eastern Fleet in the final yards of the Florida Derby prompted some to think that Kissel's colt might be a better prospect than Eastern Fleet at a mile-and-a-quarter, the Kentucky Derby distance. But on the night before the race, Kissel told his friends, "Win, lose or draw, we will not run Executioner at Churchill Downs. He has done everything we've asked of him this year, or almost everything, but Trainer Eddie Yowell and I have decided to skip the Derby. Some people will say we are simply ducking Hoist The Flag. Not at all. We'll probably go to New York and meet him in the Wood Memorial and then train on for the Preakness. What we are doing is making an early decision and sticking to it. I believe that more people get involved with the Kentucky Derby than any other race in the country. They bet the future book [in which a bet is lost if the horse is scratched] and if you have one of the favorites, as we have in Executioner, I believe it is only right to announce

your plans early—if you know them."

Kissel did not care to mention his own experience at that scandal-ridden 1968 Derby. His Iron Ruler had finished second to Forward Pass in the Florida Derby and was third choice in the betting at Churchill Downs. Yet when Iron Ruler came to the paddock on Derby Day (he and the disputed winner, Dancer's Image, shared the same barn) the colt was a listless shadow of his normal self, and he ran the only poor race of his distinguished career, finishing 12th in a field of 14. Kissel will have nothing to do with speculation about doping, but he now seems equally determined that the star of his stable will have nothing to do with Churchill Downs.

With Executioner no longer a candidate for Kentucky, the Louisville scene looks slightly altered. But one aspect of the 3-year-old picture that does not waver is the attitude of most owners and trainers toward head-to-head encounters with Hoist The Flag. "He is in a class by himself," says Jim Maloney. "He does it all so easily," adds Elliott Burch. This weekend Hoist The Flag goes in the Gotham at Aqueduct, and if somebody were to put up a few Confederate bills and a bag of old bottle tops for a rival mile to be run past the Altoona exit of the Pennsylvania Turnpike, you couldn't find an entry box large enough. It is the year of the runaway, by Hoist The Flag and away from him.

Some of the running away took place before the Florida Derby. After being soundly beaten by the Flag in the Bay Shore on March 20, Brookmeade Stable's Limit To Reason and the John Campo-trained Jim French skipped out of New York as fast as they could to cash in on last week's Gulfstream race. "If they scratch Executioner, I'm a cinch," cracked the talkative Camp. "Then I'll ship to Los Angeles a day or two later and run in the Santa Anita Derby, and there I really am a cinch." Jim French, even though he was not a factor in the Florida Derby, earned \$13,780 for third place, while Limit To Reason picked up \$4,134 for finishing fifth.

The impulse was contagious. Executioner looked too tough for some Florida-based horses, who skipped the

Gulfstream race in the hope of finding easier pickings in the Louisiana Derby at New Orleans' Fair Grounds. One such was John Olin's Northfields, a son of Northern Dancer, who came home a winner and \$38,550 richer. Locally owned List was second, but in third and fourth places were two more refugees from Florida, Will Hays and Twist The Axe.

There are nearly three dozen nominees for this week's Gotham, but Hoist The Flag is expected to scare off all but a handful who will be running for second and third moneys. Simultaneously, in California the Santa Anita Derby will be contested at a mile and an eighth. Arthur Seligson's Unconscious is the logical favorite and should win, but if he gives way to a late stretch runner it could be Crimson Clem or Triple Bend or (if Johnny Campo is right) Jim French. It doesn't really matter. The races for the next month are primarily to find out who might be second to Hoist The Flag at Louisville on May 1. Calumet is certainly a possibility. It has a history of being first and sometimes second, too, in the Derby, and it has often had luck with a strong bench. In 1957, when the Derby had its finest crop of 3-year-olds in decades, the race was supposed to be between Calumet's Gen. Duke and Wheatley Stable's Bold Ruler. But Gen. Duke came down with a hoof injury, and Trainer Jimmy Jones had to scratch him the morning of the race. Calumet sadly fell back on its little-considered second-stringer Iron Liege, and all Iron Liege did that afternoon was to become the only horse ever to beat Gallant Man, Round Table and Bold Ruler in the same race.

So, Hoist The Flag notwithstanding, maybe it is to be a Calumet year again. The stable's racing fortunes at Churchill Downs in the past seemed to tie in with what went on first in the Florida Derby. Gen. Duke's 1957 experience was one example. In 1958 Tim Tam won both races. Ten years later Forward Pass won the Florida race before going on to tangle with Dancer's Image, Butazolidin, racing stewards and the courts of law.

No one is advised to bet against the Flag, but it won't hurt to keep an eye on the devil's red and blue. **END**

Eastern Fleet, his coat gleaming, parades Calumet's colors after Florida Derby victory.



EVERYBODY

Films edited to suggest the massacre of big-game animals by hunters are appalling viewers.

Critics of the questionable telecasts are calling them cheap shots

IS UP IN ARMS

by DOLLY CONNELLY

In a few days a documentary film that includes a particularly savage scene of an Alaskan polar bear hunt may be awarded an Oscar. The episode is a hoax. Yet with every showing, this supposedly factual film infuriates audiences and vilifies hunters.

A few months ago another editorially slanted documentary, one intimating that the hunting of exotic game on an island northwest of Seattle was a brutal slaughter, was shown on Walter Cronkite's CBS evening news program. The swell of public indignation that film generated is only now subsiding.

The trend—if it is one—toward picturing hunters and their sport as blood-thirsty and unprincipled is disquieting and unfair. Consider, specifically, the case of Safari Island, the focus of Cronkite's attention.

Safari Island lies in the San Juan archipelago, 31 miles off the northwest coast of Washington. It rises steeply from the tideline, with grassy open meadows on the south side and a forest of cedar and scrub fir to the north. Two years ago it was purchased by the Spieden Development Corporation for \$675,000. The men behind the Safari Island project are Bert, Chris and Gene Klineburger, proprietors of Jonas Brothers of Seattle, the world's largest taxidermist, in-

ternational safari travel agents, outfitters and top trophy hunters.

The idea was to turn the place into a combined game farm, resort and shooting preserve. The Klineburger brothers began stocking their new property with 2,100 game birds (quail, ringneck pheasants, guinea fowl, chukar partridge, jungle fowl and wild turkeys). Hundreds of rare animals—African Barbary sheep, Indian black back, Corsican mouflons, Spanish goats, Indian spotted deer, Japanese sika deer, hybrid four-horned sheep and European fallow deer—were brought to the island. Some came from Chris Klineburger's ranch in Redmond, Wash. Others were purchased in Texas, where game raising is a sizable business.

The Klineburgers believed that animal conservation could be practiced on the island. The plan was to allow trophy hunters, for a price, to shoot the surplus game each year, and thus pay for the shareholders' investment, which now totals around \$800,000. In April 1970 commercial hunters began arriving.

The first reaction, locally, to the venture was very amusement. Then some distress. Native San Juan Islanders are well known for being opposed to change, any change, especially one that might bring accelerated tourism to the islands. They try to suppress the fact that there

are state and county parks and even national historical monuments among their farms and fishing villages. It was not long before they were spreading stories of exotics that swam to neighboring islands to escape the fustillade and arrived with price tags hanging around their necks, only to be shot by the natives for free.

Newcomers who have eased onto the islands with vacation homes are no less opposed to fee hunting, considering it morally reprehensible and a stigma upon the fair name of the state. Mount Everest climber Jim Whittaker, whose summer home is on Johns Island directly across Spieden Channel from Safari, deplores the sound of rifle shots. "Suddenly the quiet is shattered," he says. "You know something is dying and the whole aura of heavenly peace out there is destroyed." One day when Whittaker and his sons were out fishing for ling cod, they watched a panicky deer swim toward their boat. They hauled it aboard, took the animal to Johns Island, where no hunting is allowed, and released him.

Though the Safari Island enterprise is private, and brochures advertising the preserve are sent out discreetly, only to friends and clients, angry letters began appearing in Puget Sound newspapers. Safari soon was being referred to as

At odds are Safari Island owners Chris (far left) and Bert Klineburger and TV's Walter Cronkite, who showed one of the films.

Slaughter Island—and various members of the anti-gun faction plumped for an open season on the Klineburgers.

The outrage was localized, however, until last November when CBS included a five-minute documentary on Safari Island on the Cronkite show. The program apparently gave to many of the 12 million viewers the nightmare impression of animals released from cages while hunters waited; rich and aging shooters ministered to by guides while they cripplingly animals in the hindquarters; hundreds of terrified animals trapped on a tiny island; a bloody, money-making business decimating animals. The film caused such anger that more than 2,500 people across the country wrote blistering letters to the Klineburgers.

Hunting is always a provocative and emotional subject. But there is little doubt that the CBS film was slanted. The sound track crackled with rifle shots and the way the film was spliced suggested that the animals were shot while confused, exhausted and wobbly-legged as they emerged from a stock truck barged to the island. A sampling of dialogue from the show:

"How a man can claim to operate a humane—be involved in the humane treatment of animals and operating a shooting preserve, I can't imagine. The two things are mutually exclusive. You're raising animals to be shot like targets, literally. You're using flesh and blood for target practice. There's no question about them being involved in animal humanity. Quite the opposite, it's animal cruelty in extreme form. . . ."

"There are more than 3,000 private hunting preserves in this country, Safari Island being perhaps the most exclusive, places where animals are not meant to be seen, or touched or smelled, but to be hunted and stuffed and mounted and preserved—preserved for all time on the pine-paneled walls of somebody's den. . . ."

"Want an African Barbary sheep? \$650. \$200 for a Spanish goat, \$375 for a European fallow deer. No hunting season and no limit except a man's bank balance. . . ."

The Klineburgers are contemplating legal action against CBS and Cronkite. Meanwhile, a \$1 million suit has been



filed against David Wolper, the producer of the allegedly doctored Oscar nominee, *Sar Goudvise*. In that movie, shown on NBC-TV, a female polar bear with two cubs appears to be killed by hunters who have stalked the animals by helicopter. The controversial footage was taken from an Alaska Fish and Game Department film on tagging bears, and spliced into a film of an actual hunt. The mother bear was downed by a dart gun, not a rifle, by anesthetic, not bullets. Not long after, she was up and roaring off with her cubs, but the viewers of *Sar Goudvise* never witness that happy ending; instead they see the sequence as a chilling kill.

When the Klineburgers agreed to the Safari Island filming, they expected an objective report on national game farming. It has become increasingly popular, a new distribution of the world's game animals as wildlife habitat shrinks. There are 425 commercial big-game preserves in the U.S. alone. In the Southwest some ranchers feel they do better with rare deer, antelope and wild sheep than with cattle. Safari isn't even unique as an island preserve. Hunting wild Spanish goats on privately owned Santa Catalina Island dates back to the early 19th century, and the shooting of its Russian bears to the mid-1930s.

"The Cronkite crew came on October 1st to do the full story, all of it, or so we thought," says Chris Klineburger. "Joseph Lippincott, an elderly hunter of great skill and experience, agreed to allow the photographing of his hunt. The cameramen filmed him taking a black buck and a mouflon ram. The crew returned on October 28th to film the arrival of a truckload of animals that was barged to the island. After the long trip from Texas, naturally they were wobbly. They are not hunted until they are thoroughly acclimated and know the hiding places. Lippincott had long since gone home to Philadelphia, but the way the TV people fixed that film, you'd have thought he was standing there at the unloading chute ready to pot the animals."

The mail poured into Safari Island, hundreds of letters each day. Klineburger wives were harassed by anonymous phone calls. Humane societies, government officials and Washington Governor Dan Evans were swamped with letters and telegrams. Politicians began proposing legislation in the state capital. One lawmaker demanded action "to put Safari out of the sick business of killing for big money, coming and going, from fee shooting to taxidermy, an appallingly insensitive grab for the buck."

State Senator Lowell Peterson, Oem-

continued



Center of dispute is a small game preserve—Safari Island in the San Juan archipelago.

ocrat of Concrete, a town located in the hunting country of the Cascade Mountains, took the trouble to tour the island. He came away disturbed that the film had done "a gross injustice and gives hunting in general a black eye."

The Klineburgers appear to be going about game farming wisely. Yes, surplus animals are sold to hunters as trophies, to zoos and to other breeders, but thinning of the herd, most conservationists believe, is beneficial to the propagation of many species, such as the Indian black buck, an animal that had become almost extinct in its native land but has been reintroduced there with stock from American game farms.

Safari has become more than a shooting preserve. It is now a resort, an island with a large lodge and cabins, swimming pool, skeet shooting, horseback riding, sport fishing, clam and oyster beaches, water skiing and trails for hiking. The animals are the gimmick. There is, in fact, more hard shooting, a more accepted sport, than game hunting. Many people come to vacation and photograph the animals, their blood sport restricted to salmon and bottom fish-

ing. Prime customers are business concerns that use the facilities for executive "Think" sessions.

Normally, it takes about five years to grow a trophy animal. Terrain and natural browse limit the number of grazing animals on the island to a maximum of 300. The most extravagant guess is that in five years it may be possible to cull 50 to 100 trophy males per year. The 30 shot by hunters in the first year of operation were old males that came with the purchase of entire herds. All Safari hunts are guided and controlled, all trophies carefully selected and the guns used are not of magnum caliber. Most hunters want every bit of the dressed meat. If not, it goes to the lodge table. The island is a hobby—a lot of Klineburger enterprises are—but it is expected to pay its way.

Stocking exotics is expensive business. Purchase prices of the animals range from \$100 for a Corsican sheep up to \$400 for a black buck. When one considers care for the animal for five years, feed supplements in cold winters, constant surveillance and vet care, then Safari's hunting fees—target of much

of the venom—do not seem excessive.

Many natives who wish the brothers had never come to the San Juan Islands must realize that during deer season hundreds of hunters—more than will visit Safari Island in a decade—appear on the big islands of the chain and the majority of these gunners pay farmers for the privilege of hunting their lands.

San Juan Island is, as well, the scene of annual carnage accepted as "sport"—the netting and bludgeoning or shooting of Belgian hares paralyzed in the spotlights of jalopy "bunny buggies." Not all kills—deer or hare or bird, are clean. Any islander can tell terrible stories of wounded animals hiding among sheep. For decades fishermen on Puget Sound have poached unprotected seals, sea lions and killer whales. Recently some hunters were apprehended shooting bald eagles.

Safari Island isn't all good, but it is not all bad, either. A legitimate criticism is that the island, which is 3½ miles long and a mile wide, is not large enough, the hares lack challenge and that mystic respect that develops between man and hard-sought prey. It is disconcerting that at Safari the wild turkeys, normally the warren of game birds, don't assemble on the lodge porch for hand-outs of grain, and that little-hunted fallow deer show unmistakable signs of domestication. Yet they do not entirely forget their heritage. They can get lost in the blink of an eye. Carl N. Crouse, director of the Washington State Department of Game, remarks, "I have faith in animals' ability to care for themselves, even on an island fairly restricted in size. Once we fenced in a square mile as a test and planted the area with a known number of deer. Hunters were let in and fully expected to take the deer within hours. Their score was amazingly low over a period of many days. The deer escaped not by panicky rushing around but by moving silently into shade and cover, always out of sight of hunters only a few feet away." Crouse adds, "There is a place for shooting preserves which give hunters opportunity under the fair-chase concept. This practice is not detrimental to species, for rare animals are preserved in the basic breeding stock. This is a proper use for animals, as many people have neither time nor money to hunt exotics in their native lands."

Crouse's department is not supporting

continued

A man and a woman are standing in a lush garden filled with various plants, including large green leaves and bright pink flowers. The man, on the left, is wearing a light-colored cardigan over a collared shirt and light-colored trousers. The woman, on the right, is wearing a light-colored patterned dress. They are both looking down at a small yellow object the woman is holding. The man is holding a cigarette in his right hand.

“Their garden? Just a window box on a city street.
But they're choosy. They want it splashed with color.
All year round.
Their cigarette? Viceroy.
They won't settle for less.
It's a matter of taste.”

Viceroy gives you all the taste, all the time.



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King Size, 11 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine; Long Size, 12 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. 70



First you couldn't find the lighter. Now you can't even hear the engine.

THE TOYOTA MARK II is not to be believed. It idles so quietly there are times you'll swear it died.

It's so beautifully appointed that the cigarette lighter is even concealed behind a panel.

The Mark II is like no other car you've ever seen.

It has courtesy lights front and back. And wall to wall carpeting that's snapped down (not glued down) so you can take it out to get it cleaned.

The glass is tinted, the fabric is brocade and the glove box locks.

It's roomy without being big. Luxurious without being expensive. And economical without being noisy.

By designing the engine with an overhead cam, we cut down the number of moving parts. Which reduces both wear and noise.

By making the fan out of nylon we made it lighter and quieter. And by giving it six blades instead of four we made it more efficient.

Does that slow it down? No, that speeds it up. Up to a top of 105 mph.

What slows it down is the braking system. Power brakes with front discs. Also standard.

Check out the Toyota Mark II yourself. You'll know it from all the other economy cars by its distinctive features.

Like a lighter you can't find. And an engine you can't hear.

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legislation against Safari, because exotics are private property outside its jurisdiction. Besides, restrictive legislation could throw a monkey wrench into the state's own highly successful farming program with its game birds, fish, California big-horns and Roosevelt elk. Game departments everywhere are in the business, and their operations are deemed successful when sportsmen take all but breeding stock.

Most conservation efforts are financed by hunters, who contribute because they do not want to see an end to their sport. The money comes from licenses, game tags, duck stamps, taxes on guns and ammunition, and from clubs such as Ducks Unlimited.

But with all this, the Klineburgers remain a target of violent threats. Chris protects himself, to some extent, by refusing to read the mail. Gene will not discuss the matter. Bert is the prime victim because he appeared in the Cronkite film with a plea for the preservation of scarce game. He has taken out a handgun permit.

In Seattle, bumper stickers have appeared reading "Death Row, Safari Island." Occasionally the Klineburgers find one pasted on the door of Jonas Brothers. Meanwhile the bag auto ferries that ply Washington's inland sea be-

tween Anacortes and Vancouver Island, taking tourists on the scenic run, have altered course so that passengers can photograph the fascinating animals grazing.

To date, Safari Island has had just 140 guests, of whom 22% were big-game hunters, 29% bird hunters and the remainder fishermen, photographers and guests at business seminars and conferences. Thirty-five animals have been born this winter. There are no natural predators to attack them. All animals have withstood an unusually hard, snowy winter well with the exception of black bucks, which, like the birds, require feeding when snow is on the ground.

In contrast to death is nature, a clean kill by man with an appropriate weapon may be the most humane. As Chris Klineburger points out, "Animals don't die of old age. There are many ways to die, and none is pleasant, but worst of all is starvation of the old when they lose the ability to kill lesser species for food, or even chew forage. Once in Africa I saw wild dogs corner a wildebeest in the throes of giving birth. As her calf emerged they tore it from her body and consumed it, then ripped into her hind-quarters and literally ate her alive. Elephant deaths, supposedly a romantic fading away in the legendary Valhalla

where elephants go to die, are the cruellest. When their molars are gone, worn down so they can't get enough nourishment, they gradually weaken with starvation. When they no longer can stand, they lean against anthills, wasting sometimes for weeks for release from suffering. Vultures and hyenas find them and eat them alive.

"How can you make people understand that life on a game farm isn't a cruel fate? The whole idea is not to see how many animals can be killed, but how many raised. We tried to explain this in a form letter about Safari Island. It was mailed to all those who signed names and gave addresses. There have been few answers—perhaps because people don't want the truth.

"News media that approach a subject with preconceived opinions, and then seek out only those aspects that can be made to sustain a mistaken thesis, do a grave injustice in their manipulation of people and emotion."

Documentaries, if one accepts Webster's definition, must be completely factual and objective. But David Wolper, defending his craft and the accepted industry code, insists that producers are permitted cinematic license. That kind of license is hardly proper authorization in the hunting field. **END**



A herd of moose and sheep move from the grassy meadows of Safari, a 2½-mile-long island, to cover in the cedar and fir forests.

SHOWCASE FOR THE BIG NAMES

Listen America, just in case nobody has noticed, this obviously is the year of the big name in professional golf, a year for A. D. Palmer, J. W. Nicklaus, G. J. Player and W. E. Casper. As in J. C. Snead, of course. A little roguish humor there, folks. Sorry. Anyhow, the big names are with us again, restoring the credibility of the sport. Or helping to. For example, Palmer was at Palm Springs and Orlando, Nicklaus takes the PGA, Player grabs Jacksonville and Miami, and Casper three times comes second. Meanwhile, Slammin' J. C. Snead pops up to win at Tucson and Doral, but he is only the uninvited nephew and irrelevant to the point. It's the bigger names—like Sam, the uncle—and what they've accomplished that you want to put together with the thought that coming up next week is the 35th Masters Tournament, golf's annual dream sequence. That's what stirs the spirit. Think about it. Palmer, Nicklaus, Player and Casper, all pruned and prettied, all readier than usual for Augusta. When has the chance to be inoculated with dogwood seemed more inviting?

Not that the Masters has ever been dull, even when a Herman Keiser or an Art Wall sneaked in. Drama of high order nearly always erupts, bringing everything down to the last pine holes, sometimes the very last green, and nearly always with a big name involved. The Masters has a way of wrenching out the names in golf, even when the names have been in relative hiding in the winter tournaments that lead up to Augusta, as they have been the past couple of years. And even as the Augusta National course continues to undergo subtle changes. If you want to get technical, it is hardly the same course that it once was—how many know that the back nine was originally the front?—but no matter. It lies there as part of golfing America's subconscious. Comes the Masters, then, and it is time for Palmer, Nicklaus, Player and Casper, just as it used to be for Hogan, Snead, Nelson and Demaret.

Proof enough is to look back at the last 13 tournaments, starting with Palmer's first win in 1958. Golf's current Big Four—and Palmer, Nicklaus, Player and Casper add up to nothing less—won the Masters nine times in those 13 years. This corresponds to another interlude in history, a 15-tournament stretch from 1937 through 1954 when Hogan, Snead, Nelson and Demaret won the Mas-

Palmer, Nicklaus, Player, Casper—the very best—seem always to be at or near the top in the Masters, which is a key reason why this one is everybody's favorite golfing show **by DAN JENKINS**

ters 10 times. Even when the names are not winning, they are seriously challenging. Hogan finished in the top ten 14 straight times at Augusta, nine of those times in the top five, four times second. Nelson played 12 in a row in which he was never worse than eighth. Palmer was in the top four nine times in 11 years.

As for today's mighty quartet, the evidence is that in eight years out of the past 11, at least two of them—Palmer and Casper or Player and Nicklaus or another combination—have been in the top five, essential to the plot, having plodded doggedly through the pine shadows and around the dark pines, moving through the thousands of spectators late on a Sunday afternoon.

No one knows exactly why the Masters has been dominated by the name players. There have been grumbles that Cliff Roberts and Bob Jones have tried to tailor the course to suit them. There is the old tale that a severe pin position on the 18th was never used again after Hogan three-putted the final green in '46, allowing Herman Keiser to win. The charge doesn't hold up. While it's statistically true that the eight greatest players since Bob Jones—Hogan, Snead, Nelson, Demaret, Palmer, Nicklaus, Player, Casper—have won the Masters 19 times and finished second 13 times, their record in the U.S. Open is almost as overwhelming. The same eight have taken 11 Opens and finished second 15 times.

Which means the answer may lie in the fact that the name players get up for things like the Masters and the Open. Especially the Masters, which is always the first of the four major titles (except for this year, when the PGA was played in February—a one-year scheduling freak). The explanation may rest somewhere in the words of Arnold Palmer, who says, "Each year when you see the course again, you feel this great rush of energy and excitement. The Masters is our game elevated to its highest level. The course looks beautiful and inviting, and the press is there by the hundreds, like nowhere else. The course is a familiar old enemy that fights you back, and I like that. There's something really wrong with your game that week if you can't get charged up."

As it happens, Palmer has more reason to be charged up for next week's Masters than in some recent years. He

is simply playing his best golf in a long while. He won \$98,178 in the first three months of 1971 and he has won two tournaments before Augusta for the first time in years. Of the 10 tournaments he's played in, he has been 19th or better in nine of them. Besides, he doesn't want Nicklaus to become the first man to win the Pro Slam so long as he, Palmer, is breathing.

Jack's game isn't exactly sour. He was up for the PGA even though he hadn't played much. Now he has the Slam incentive, the urge to overtake Jones in lifetime major cups (he has 11 to Jones' 13) and the notion of tying Palmer's record of four Masters victories (Nicklaus has three). Like Palmer, Nicklaus can reach the par 5s in two, which in turn can reduce Augusta's par from 72 to 68—for them. There are those who are annoyed by this, but they forget that long, accurate driving is the first requirement. The course is giving them nothing.

Player, too, is ready. He has, rather remarkably, won seven of his last 12 tournaments, including five out of seven abroad before coming over for the PGA. Player gets a face-lift at Augusta like everyone else. In his 14 visits to Georgia, he's been in the low eight 10 times. Why? Same as Palmer. Player says, "Only a dead man can't feel the urgency of wanting to play well there."

Then there's Casper, who finally won the Masters last year in his 14th bid. Although appearing in only seven events this winter, he finished second three times, including a closing rush at Nicklaus in the PGA—a biggie—and he has yet to be out of the low 25 anywhere.

"That's quite a club to be a member of," Casper says of his 1970 Masters win. "I was beginning to think I'd never do it, but now that I have I feel I can always play well there. I think my game's as good as it's ever been."

And so is the course—as good as ever.

Substantially, Augusta National is the same layout it was four decades ago, except that the trees have grown

larger and some greens have been raised and others lowered and a couple moved, such as the 10th and 16th. The back nine was the front nine originally, but when Jones and Roberts recognized the dramatic potential of all that water over there and saw it was a tougher nine, they changed it around in 1933, before the first tournament was played.

The scoring potential has never actually changed, according to Cliff Roberts, the only chairman Augusta has ever had. "We have tightened the course," he says. "It is certainly not as wide open as it was. However, this is offset now by the course being in much better condition." The greens are slower than they once were, but certain holes are longer and some demand more accurate driving.

Last year Augusta's most popular hole, the double eagle 15th, turned up with its tee moved back and to the right and with two huge mounds—an elephant burial ground, somebody called them—on the right, just where many tee shots used to come to rest. Reason: too many golfers had been reaching the 15th green in two.

"We tightened up 15 in order to justify its continued classification as a par 5," Roberts explained, "and to protect the authenticity of Gene Sarazen's double eagle."

The change was drastic, but the hole became a more genuine par 5. This year the elephant mounds have come down, to be replaced by a series of less obtrusive but equally effective little mounds. "Chocolate drops," Roberts calls them. Hopefully, the ideal has been achieved. It's a tougher driving hole than it used to be, and the old gambling aspects of it have been retained: the chance to hit over the water on your second shot and gain ground. On Nicklaus or Palmer or Player or Casper.

Never have the names seemed more eager for the Masters or looked as sharp. And the course is there waiting, elegant as ever.

So? Right. Looks like a Gibby Gilbert week from here.

CONTINUED

TEN MONEY-MAKERS TO WATCH AT AUGUSTA

Here are the 10 leading money winners through the first 12 tournaments of 1971 who will be in the Masters. The reader may find his own statistical surprises, but we offer the following. Palmer has been impressively consistent, but his

two wins came when Nicklaus was absent. Miller Barber has six finishes in the top 10, five in the top five. Casper has three seconds, one fourth. Snow seems to win or miss the cut. Lunn is generally steady and Player is the hottest of all.

	Palmer (\$98,178)	Barber (\$81,319)	Snow (\$77,681)	Player (\$76,021)	Casper (\$60,183)	Nicklaus (\$58,275)	Archer (\$45,493)	Lunn (\$37,659)	Haard (\$29,803)	Murphy (\$21,921)
L.A. OPEN	16	36	16	DNP	2	DNP	54	1	MC	DNP
CROSBY	2	8	1	DNP	31	34	11	14	4	3
PHOENIX	16	1	MC	DNP	2	DNP	7	18	34	13
SAN DIEGO	DNP	3	MC	DNP	35	3	1	33	35	DNP
HAWAII	4	3	1	DNP	31	61	60	30	21	6
HOLME	1	32	13	DNP	4	DNP	DNP	DNP	MC	19
TUCSON	DNP	WD	WD	DNP	DNP	DNP	3	34	81	43
PGA	16	4	MC	4	3	1	34	6	9	47
ODRAL	38	3	31	34	DNP	6	78	12	MC	DNP
ORLANDO	1	32	MC	32	DNP	DNP	DNP	32	4	11
JACKSONVILLE	16	WD	MC	1	DNP	6	DNP	64	MC	MC
MIAMI	6	56	18	1	DNP	DNP	58	DNP	6	56

DNP=did not play. MC=missed cut. WD=no play.

THE OTHER SIDE OF PARADISE

by **BIL BILBERT**



A skeptical visitor casts a jaundiced eye on the most sacrosanct golf tournament of all and, come Bobby Jones or high water, finds some things he doesn't like

Technically, the Masters should not be a golf tournament of the first rank at all. It is not the championship of anything except itself. The \$20,000 first prize can legitimately be described as mere. The Augusta National Golf Club seldom plays as hard as the courses where other major championships are held, courses that are specially altered to present horrendous golfing problems. Augusta has been basically the same course since the Masters began in 1934, and its puzzles are familiar ones to most of the contestants who will gather there next week for the 35th renewal.

Competitively, the Masters field is usually weaker than that of, say, the U.S. Open or PGA, and often weaker than that of routine tournaments on the professional tour. Only about 80 golfers are invited to Augusta, a disproportionate share of them past their prime. True, the contemporary princes of the game are always there. But a lot of the natural challengers are not. These aggressive young pros who in any given tournament can put it all together and beat anyone no matter how green his blazer are replaced by such swingers as the Thailand Open champ, the eighth best U.S.

amateur and the 1939 winner of the Masters itself. Such performers are brought to Augusta for honorary, sentimental or public-relations reasons, but they do not seriously challenge the golfing Establishment, and their presence tends to depress the level of competition.

Despite these apparent deficiencies, the Masters is generally regarded as one of the four most important tournaments in the world. Given a choice, almost every golfer would rather be first at Augusta for \$20,000 than at Westchester for \$50,000. The prestige of winning the Masters can be converted into

continued





THE MASTERS

all manner of benefits that compensate for the immediate cash disparity.

As for attending the Masters, it is probably the toughest ticket in sports. The management prints maybe 20,000, but nearly all of them are committed to past purchasers. As for the citizenry at large, the Masters is a sporting event comparable to the Kentucky Derby, the Indianapolis 500 or the America's Cup. People who otherwise have only a minimal interest in competitive golf know all about the Masters.

Given the nature of its outward call on the imaginations of so many people, the Masters obviously must have something fairly potent going for it below the surface, too. It does. In addition to being a good, probably great, golf tournament, it is a compound of tradition, natural and manufactured, a fair amount of schmaltz and Southern sentimentality, a dash of class snobbery and a heap of managerial shrewdness. In general, it offers a fine case study in that fascinating subject, Reality and Illusion.

Greenness and Blueness

H.K. and Sara Horner are from Jefferson City, Tenn. On Sunday morning at 8:30, several hours before play would begin in the final round of the 1970 Masters, the Horners had set up their fold-

ing stools, arranged their programs, glasses and other equipment and settled themselves securely behind the ropes on a little knoll overlooking the 13th green and fairway. It would be at least five hours before the first golfers came their way. The Horners had been gallerying at the Masters for seven years, and in some ways they were representative of the hushed majority there.

The Horners are solid, respectable golf-and-country-club-loving citizens, not so conspicuous or aggressive as the upward strivers who hang around the clubhouse or so wiggly and passionate as the teen-age huds and studs who sprawl on The Beach, a swath of turf and humanity between the 6th and 16th greens. H.K. said, "I am a manufacturer in Jefferson City. We make springs of all kinds—curs, seats, even coffins. Otherwise, I play a lot of golf."

Sara Horner indicated the 13th hole and its environs. "Isn't this the most beautiful place you have ever seen?" she said. "I can sit here all day and never get tired because it is so beautiful."

Everyone comments on the beauty of Augusta National, just as all wedding guests remark on the loveliness of the bride. Even the golf professionals say it, usually to the effect that it is a sensuous thrill for them to be able to club a golf ball around such a beautiful place. And particularly and persistently do the various brands of media men say it. For more than 35 years they have been ripping off paragraphs of evocative, anti-nature-grand-at-Augusta-in-April prose.

Augusta National is a pretty place. But it is also true that it is probably at its least attractive during the Masters week, with the pastoral quality unavoidably marred by television, press, scorers, committeemen and spectator stands. Spaghetti loops of electronic cable lie all about. Miles of plastic rope are strung to keep the golfers and their golf balls safe from the madding throng. And by the third day or so there are wide areas of dead grass trod to a pulp by the herds of spectators.

The eye of the experienced beholder overlooks these blemishes. To such a one the turf is lush and green, as it is everywhere in the Southeast in the spring. There are some nice groves of mature, pruned, tree-doctored pines. Banks of araleas, dogwood, wisteria, camellias and magnolias add splashes of off-white, pink and lavender. Here and there among

the flower beds, figuratively thumping its leaves at ground crews, is some poison ivy, the plant that in the natural course of things would flourish in such an environment. There is a kind of sour botanical mind that after a time begins to look for the poison ivy and even to root for it, as one might root for the Thailand Open champ to wallop Arnold Palmer.

A number of ponds and lagoons have been built on the course. Most of the water in these excavated pits looks the way water should look in such places in early spring: dark and muddy, covered with a film of algae. The ponds at the



15th and 16th greens, on the other hand, are the color of bright blue ink. This is so because early in the morning—before even the earliest galleryites are about—a member of the ground crew comes out and empties a cup of blue chemical dye onto the surface of the ponds. He does this because the 15th and 16th have television holes, and the television people want the water there to look on the color tube as water is meant to look—that is, postcard, calendar, poet's blue. Out of camera view are spillways that drain the ponds, and there the water looks oily, stained and sterile.

As in certain other famous landscapes

of the South—Callaway Gardens and Mount Vernon come to mind—at Augusta there is a suggestion that the place was built to conform to a rich, white, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant concept of what heaven would look like if God only had enough cheap labor.

The Club as Cathedral

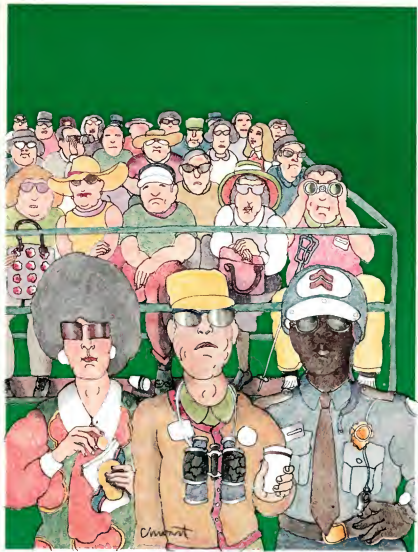
For some reason, athletics brings out the human inclination to memorialize and enshrine. At the twitch of a tear duct, the sporting crowd will gold-plate a net through which a 7' 8" basketball player has stuffed his 100,000th point, make a museum out of a barroom where the greatest of all left-footed base steal-

ers spent most of his adult life, and name streets, towns or children after halfbacks. The Masters, more than any other golf tournament, turns this idolatrous instinct up to peak volume. An atmosphere of reverence hangs so heavy about Augusta that it seems to have an aroma all its own.

There are a lot of little traditions and touches at Augusta that support the notion that this is a ceremony altogether more serious, pure and holy than the average golf tournament. There is, for example, the business at the finish when, amid pomp and circumstance, the winner is given his green Masters coat and

continued





a trophy, while the check for 20 grand is handed over in private. Nobody talks about money here, even if they have a mouthful of it. Nothing official is said about how much the tournament takes in, how much it pays out, how many tickets are sold or how many people attend. You do not take those U.S. Open cardboard periscopes into the Masters, or cameras. Everyone is uniformed at the Masters, from the members in their green coats down to the candy butchers, trap rakers and refuse gangs. The name of Bobby Jones, a Georgia amateur of good family who is credited in the hagiography of Augusta with first thinking of building a new golf course there, is frequently evoked.

It is possible to joke—usually in private—about the solemnity with which the Masters takes itself, or to argue that some of the gimmicks are overly cute, even a bit hypocritical. But it cannot be denied that they are effective. No one, not even a TV director, wants to seem so bush as not to know the proper manners at what everybody agrees—and rightfully—is the classiest golf tournament in America.

"I've been to six Masters and I still worry about not having the right badge for whatever I want to do," says a reporter. "I have this nightmare where I start for the men's room and a guard stops me and says I can't go in. And I never have guts enough to argue."

The reverence is sometimes carried to ludicrous lengths. A man leaning lightly against one of the ubiquitous Augusta National trash receptacles was watching his favorite, Bert Yancey, hit a shot at last year's Masters. When the man, who turned out to be a Midwestern banker, started down the fairway, he found his jacket button had caught the plastic bag inside the receptacle and pulled it off the frame. He looked about guiltily as if he had tracked dirt into a pew, picked up the bag and spent three or four minutes trying to refix it to the wire. He made a botch of it, but he gave it a good try. Meanwhile, of course, Yancey had gone.

An Augusta matron was walking with Arnie's Army when a small airplane flew overhead towing a sign that read, *SUPER GOLF AT 7 LAKES—DAY OR NITE*. The woman watched it disapprovingly for a moment, then said, "Wouldn't you think that even they would have better taste than to fly

over during the tournament with a sign like that?"

Wives of golfers are careful about what they wear at the Masters, avoiding pants suits, alarmingly brief skirts, shorts or, this year, heaven forbid, hot pants. Only reverence controls the dress of other customers, but its effect is mighty. Last year even the swingers around the clubhouse veranda came down hard on a bare-midriffed girl and her escort, a minor media man. You do not prance around Augusta National with your belly button hanging out.

Autocrat of Augusta

Ever since the Masters was established, Clifford Roberts, a New York investment banker, has run it with a high, hard hand. As one of the original five organizers of the club, he also has a lot to say about things in general at Augusta National, but the Masters is indisputably his chick and child. Though he makes frequent disclaimers and insists on his amateur status, Roberts is generally regarded as the most expert living golf tournament arranger and promoter. He has also come to be a formidable, almost mythical presence on the Masters scene. It is hard to say what kind of man Roberts really is, since he is not given to autobiographical small talk and is seldom seen except in formal and official circumstances. On such occasions he appears terse, humorless and efficient, a man hardened by close and continuing exposure to money and authority.

Roberts is above all a fanatical idealist, largely unconcerned with customary amenities if they do not contribute to his notions of what the Masters should be. "Old Cliff comes on pretty strong sometimes, but we manage," says a member of the Augusta Country Club, a neighboring golf course that happens to have a common boundary with Augusta National. "We look right down on their 12th green and 13th tee. Last year Cliff wanted us to plant a hedge on our land so nobody could peek at his tournament. We said no. Old Cliff went and talked to some of our members, sort of on the quiet. Pretty soon he sends over a truck with some bushes, and I'll be damned if they don't get planted on our land. He was beg about it, though . . . he didn't ball us for the bushes."

Later, when the rest of the club members found out about it, the hedge was ripped out. There was even some discussion about erecting a grandstand to

overlook the 12th hole and filling it with Augusta Country Club members in funny hats and horns, as at a New Year's party. Nothing came of it, and later the two clubs effected a trade that gave Roberts a hedgeable strip of land overlooking the 12th and 13th.

Rumors have it that one reason Jack Whitaker of CBS may never broadcast another Masters is Roberts' reaction to a comment Whitaker made on the 18th hole of the final day five years ago. The gallery had started charging up the hill to get where they might see the leaders putt and Whitaker said something like, "Here comes the mob." The network gave no reason for his absence the next year, but insiders say it was because Roberts didn't like to have his galleries called a "mob."

A year ago Roberts wrote a long memo concerning the Masters. The document, prepared in the classic style of the late George Apley, stands as a sort of official history and operating manual:

"At the beginning [the course was opened in 1932] no one had any thought of holding a tournament. The Masters came into being because of some discussions about holding the USGA Open Championship on Bob's [Jones'] course. In the end it was decided that the Augusta National could render a more important service to the game by inaugurating and holding regularly a tournament of its own. . . .

"The Jones and Roberts way of running a tournament was costly. Consequently, Roberts passed the hat among the members to provide the \$5,000 of cash prizes. In fact, this was necessary for several years. Bartlett Arkell (the founder of Beech-Nut) regularly donated the first prize of \$1,500 while Jay Monroe (founder of Monroe Calculating Machine Co.) would provide the second prize of \$1,000. . . .

"In recent years the Masters has been willing to allow others to pass it in the payout of prize money. Does the management believe that the money pendulum may have swung as far as is good for the game of golf? It is no secret that the Augusta National passed up a per annum increase in its TV rights fee of about \$250,000. The purpose was to secure an agreement to limit television sponsors to a total of two and to limit the number and type of commercials. . . .

"Another tournament policy forbids the commercialization in any form, unso-

continued

THE MASTERS

far as is possible, of the Masters tournament. Although several members of the Club are connected with The Coca-Cola Company, the Coke coolers in the concession stands must be covered so as not to display the company's trademark. It is, of course, necessary in order to obtain complete television coverage for the telecasts to be commercially sponsored. But the two TV sponsors have no voice in tournament procedure or policy.

The Club no longer sells tickets at the gate. . . . Only Series Badges are available and these may be purchased by mail directly from the Club, but no one can buy badges unless his name is on a "Patrons' List." . . . The longer a person has been a regular patron, the more certain he is to get his usual full allotment. Sometimes large orders from business corporations receive no allotments at all. The Club prefers to deal directly with responsible individuals who are known to have a genuine interest in the game rather than in customer relationships. . . . Each applicant for Series Badges must sign a Pledge that he will not permit any badges allotted to him to find their way into the hands of speculators."

At one point in his chronicle, Historian Roberts quotes Chairman Roberts as saying, "In short, the Masters had to excel." The Masters does indeed ex-

cel, and much of the credit belongs to this man, whose capacity for taking pains is said to be both infinite and ferocious.

A Heap of Policing

It takes 135 Pinkertons, plus an equal number of other uniformed guards, to put on the Masters even in so-to-speak peaceful times. At the 1970 Masters, it was thought at least that many would be required, chiefly because of Gary Player, who comes from South Africa. Earlier, South Africa had refused to allow Arthur Ashe, a black American tennis player, to compete there. This prompted certain U.S. activist groups to suggest that in retaliation Gary Player not be allowed to play in the United States. If he did play, it was argued, he should be harassed, humiliated and perhaps maimed in the interests of justice and decency. There were rumors that the extremists would make their move against Player at Augusta.

But Cliff Roberts said that a great competitor like Player deserved every courtesy. America could extend, and he acted to insure this by alerting his security forces. The few club guards were reinforced as always by a mixed bag of lawmen: Pinkertons, city police, state police, deputy sheriffs, prison guards and firemen masquerading as peace officers. Player was given an escort of uniformed Pinkertons on the course, and it was reported the FBI was keeping a protective eye on him, too.

One of the Roberts regulars was Officer C. W. Epps Jr. of the Richmond County sheriff's department. Epps bore a remarkable resemblance to the symbolic Southern sheriff as portrayed in the cartoons of the underground press, serious movies, Dodge commercials and the fantasies of most civil libertarians. He was a broad, grizzled man with a big hard belly and three rolls of fat on his short red neck. On Masters duty he wore a service revolver in a holster and carried a sap in his back pocket and a can of Mace on his belt. He was posted at the 11th green most of the time. Despite his formidable appearance, he proved a pleasant man, though his habit of moving his lips as little as possible while talking gave him a faintly sinister air.

"What sort of problems do you have down here?" he was asked.

"Not many. Some boys from the North ain't used to this Georgia sun, get a little too much toddy. We hustle

them out. Somebody tries to take a seat behind a ball. Things like that."

"How come you need so many of these for that?"

"I tell you, son, if this start anything, we're ready."

"I don't know how he does it," said a lady galleryite, watching Gary Player stride down the fairway. All that terrible talk and threats and he stays as cool as a cucumber. I'll tell you, if any of those buggers ever did get in here, which I bet they can't, and started any trouble, this crowd would take care of them in pretty short order."

She was probably right. Player drew bigger cheers from the gallery than anybody else, partly because he is a very good golfer and was fighting for the lead all the way, but also because once they put their finger on him he became, like it or not, a symbolic Dixie hero. And if a long-haired boy from the North had perhaps taken a hit too much toddy and had yelled, "Go back to Johannesburg, ya bum!" when Gary was getting ready to putt, it seems likely there would have been such an outburst from the crowd that the protester's continuing good health might have been put into question.

Empire and All That

Even without the Player flap, a Kiplingesque mood hangs about Augusta National. The guarded steel fences and elaborately tended grounds suggest a foreign outpost on some barbarian soil. Inside the compound the white sahls play and watch others play, while multitudes of dark, agreeable natives attend them. There were no black players at the Masters, and only a bare handful of black spectators. There were, however, black caddies and a lot of black men and women in the clubhouse and locker room, handing out drinks, toting bags, mowing grass, raking traps and picking up cigarette butts.

Technically, the highest-ranking uniformed blacks at the Masters in 1970 were some prison guards dressed and armed for riot duty and stationed near the 16th green, one of the televised holes. Even in normal times there are a lot of cops around the 16th because this is where The Beach is, where all the kids are spread out on the grass. Not that anybody is really worried about these kids, who are nearly barbered and brassiered regular Georgia country club kids.



"Suppose Woodstock and the Masters were going on at the same time," one was asked. "Which one would you like to go to?"

"What," asked the pert teen-ager, "is Woodstock?"

So these are not your average dirty, dopey, degenerate kids, even if a lot of them are not all that big on golf. They come every day because it is the event of the year in Augusta. You show off clothes and bodies, get a little sun, drink a little beer and giggle at cute golfers—just normal kid stuff. But the cops are around to see that the scene doesn't begin to escalate.

The big no-no at the Masters is "sunbathing," which is a euphemism for lying down on the grass, and so a system is all worked out, like a dress code. You can lean back and rest on your elbows, but you cannot go down all the way so that your shoulders are on the ground. But suppose one of these Mary Elizabeths puts her shoulders down on the Masters grass? Well, there is an old, kindly Pinkerton standing nearby, looking a little like Walter Brennan. He is the captain of the sunbathing squad, and what he does is sort of flirt with any errant buds in a May-September fashion until they giggle and wiggle up to at least elbow level. The black riot guards stand back, more or less at attention, more or less invisible. This is not their enforcement level.

Invisible Tournament

With so many distracting elements available, it could become easy to overlook the central event, the golf tournament. Also it is sometimes tempting to do so because a golf tournament can be a difficult and unsatisfactory thing to watch. This is not peculiar to the Masters, where management has gone to great pains to make its tournament observable. The scoreboard, communication system and spectator arrangements at Augusta are unrivaled in the sport. The trouble is with the game itself.

The action is spread out over a couple of hundred acres, and except on the final two days when the leaders tend to be grouped it is hopelessly fragmented. No other sport is so cursed. The movement of a quarterback, for example, affects the movement of 21 other players. A horse runs in relation to other horses, a tennis player returns a ball hit at him by another player. But what Ar-

nold Palmer does at 11 is geographically unrelated to Bill Casper at 15, and both have nothing to do with Bert Yancey or Bob Charles at 6 and 12, respectively. A golf tournament is a hundred or so men roaming about large fields, each doing his own thing, isolated by space and concentration from all the other competitors.

There are various philosophies among spectators at the Masters as to how these problems may be overcome. Under normal conditions a sitting, stay-in-one-spot-see-them-all-come-past galleryite gets to watch about 5% of a day's play (an approach, two putts and a drive by each player). In practice the percentage may be reduced by trees, hills, guards and other golf fans, or in the case of Augusta it may be enhanced by a felicitous choice of vantage points. For instance, around The Beach it is possible to watch all the play on two holes (16 and 6) with just a little neck straining.

A nomadic spectator, on the other hand—one who follows his favorite for a full round, or a series of favorites for a few holes apiece—watches about 3% of what is going on, i.e., all the shots of two or three players. The walking galleryite has, however, a distinction that may partly compensate for his many frustrations. He knows he has had a workout. A fan who trudges 18 holes with Arnie's Army is perhaps the only spectator in sport who gets more exercise than the man playing the game. Palmer is followed by a caddie lugging all his gear and is able to walk unencumbered down an open fairway, more or less in a straight line between his shots. A loyal trooper must, because of ropes and marshals, go the long way around, dodging thickets, low branches and knots of sitting fans while lugging his folding stool, field glasses and score sheets. There is a well-staffed, well-equipped first-aid station at the Masters. Late in the afternoon it is busy, not treating athletes but caring for sunburned, blistered, exhausted spectators.

Given the difficulties of golf spectatorship, the working press seldom strays far from the clubhouse and press building. Reports on play are quickly relayed by scoreboards and television, giving the professional observers as good a mathematical idea as anybody as to what is taking place. And if they miss out on



some of the drama, they can always catch it later at the player debriefings.

When the dust has settled after a round, the more prominent players are conveyed into the press building to give their version of what has occurred. Each player describes his round, shot by shot, for the assembled scribes. "On one, I was left of the bunker, hit a six, 35 feet, two putts. Two, good drive. . . ." etc., for 18 holes. But this does not provide news of sufficient quantity or quality to serve the needs of the 1,200 media people who turn up each year, so many of them amplify this fare with private interviews later.

"O.K., Tommy," asks a reporter of Tommy Aaron. "You had a great round today. What was the key shot?" The writer is feeling around for a few paragraphs or maybe even an entire "crucial play" story.

"Well, I don't know exactly," says Aaron.

"How about that chip on 8?"

"That was a good shot," Aaron agrees, saying all that can be said: that if the chip had not dropped, his total score would be at least one higher than it was, and low score wins.

But if finding crucial holes or shots is a big thing with golf writers, so is getting a line on the players' psyches. "O.K., Tommy," the writer now asks. "You're sitting on a two-stroke lead. Do you like your position?"

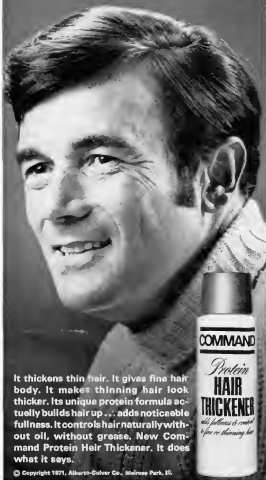
"Well," says Aaron, "I guess I like it all right. I'm two strokes ahead. They have to come after me." The reporter nods knowingly, as if he had asked a tricky question to which there were many possible answers and Aaron had figured it out right.

At the 1970 Masters it happened that two golfers, Casper and Littler, tied for

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THE MASTERS Richmond

the lead after four rounds and had to play off the following day. On Sunday afternoon the assembled journalists pulled out all stops in their session with the competitors.

"I have a question for both of you," one asked. "You know each other's games pretty well. How are you going to play it tomorrow?" (Load your line-up with left-handers, go to the long pass early, stay off the pace for the first quarter mule, hit a lot of lobbs?)

Casper and Littler looked at each other wonderingly for a brief moment, but they are old pros. "I guess I'll tee it low and let it go," Casper answered first, and Littler chimed in behind, "I'm going to tee it high and let it fly."

The scribes, who are easily annoyed in such circumstances, howled with laughter. It was a pretty good exchange at that, being if nothing else a funny two-line commentary on contemporary golf literature and metaphysics.

The Longest Day

There is something in the final round that makes it the best thing about the Masters or golf. Take, for example, the 16th green on Sunday last year. There were perhaps 3,000 people packed together there, a solid cusp of humanity, and scattered about were half a hundred cops. Above the crowd rose a manned television tower. Flanking the green was an enormous scoreboard that showed four men with a chance to win the tournament, being within a stroke of each other after 68 or 69 holes.

One of the four was Gary Player, and when he hit an iron over the water to within half a dozen feet of the hole at the par-3 16th, a wild, rolling volley of applause saluted the shot. Player was cheered with passion as he strode off the tee, but as he approached the green silence spread like a reverse yell.

Player is a small, compact man, dressed neatly and somberly. He has a square, handsome face, the look of a man who can afford to brood about pride, honor and appearance. On the green he did the customary thing, studying the line of his six-foot birdie putt, flicking away tiny, perhaps even imaginary, bits of debris, and finally hunching over the ball. Silent, bowed, absolutely alone in the crowd, as if at his devotions, Player nevertheless gave the sense of a man struggling, of a clinching boxer, a straining fullback, a heaving weight lifter. He was struggling

Continued

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THE MASTERS continued

against the pressure of the moment, which is to golf what pain and physical contact are to other sports.

The reason for some of the tension on the 16th was obvious—the putt was worth thousands of dollars. But this kind of pressure was on every putt, and Player's stroke here would certainly count no more or less than any one similar putt he had made or missed on Thursday, Friday or Saturday. But the past was past and all that remained to be counted were the last three holes. Also there were special factors at work in this time and place—TV, tradition, grandeur, illusions. On top of everything else there was Player's unique situation, the Drive hero business, the watching cops, the possibility that in the crowd there is a crazy with a cherry bomb—or a gun.

Player braced himself in ways we can imagine, stroked the ball and watched intently as it rolled up to, and into, the hole. There was a shriek of triumph from the spectators as if it were their putt that had dropped or as if they themselves felt the blessed glandular release of success.

There are various ways to reflect upon the scene. The reasonable one is that it was a ludicrously phony, contrived moment. In the great sweep of human affairs it was a matter of piddling consequence whether a man struck a ball 278 or 279 times during a four-day game. It was of very small general significance whether Gary Player or Bill Casper won another \$25,000. So far as Player's special circumstances were concerned, nobody forced him to play a game for big money or expose himself to crazies.

But it also can be said that we are a remarkable species for precisely the illusions that shimmered around 16. The scene there truly strengthened the case of those who contend that sport is our oldest and most impressive art form. We put together arbitrary rules, meaningless effort, artificial rewards and penalties and call it a game. We end up creating a form of action that fiercely tests our manhood and, by testing it, we mysteriously illuminate our nature and potential.

It is this that should not be forgotten. People come to the Masters for a variety of reasons, some of them perhaps not very attractive. But they also come to see an exhibition of considerable significance that now here else can be seen so well—or at all.

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On a wet and windy day a few years back, as Galbert Drake walked along a street in Palm Beach, Fla., an otter crossed ahead of him and disappeared behind a house. Good furs are common in Palm Beach, but an otter wearing its own skin is a rarity. Drake followed the otter around the house and on the back lawn came face to face with it. As Drake approached, the otter sat upright, fixed a nifty eye on him and began snorting in a way that suggested it was ready to take on anybody.

Realizing that an otter putting on such a gutsy act might have rabies, Drake retreated. The otter followed him. When Drake quickened his step across the lawn, the otter bounded after him. On

reaching the street, Drake started sprinting all out, but he could not shake the otter. At this point, when all seemed lost, Drake suddenly remembered that he was carrying four one-pound mullet in his hip pockets. He wheeled and dropped a mullet in the path of the on-rushing otter. While the animal gorged, Drake made his escape.

How can a man pursued by an otter possibly forget that four large mullet are sticking out of his pockets? For Gal Drake it is easy. He is a fisherman, a devoted one. Mullet is not his favorite bait, but he sometimes carries one or two just in case. As he points out, "You never know when you are going to need a mullet." Over the years, by carrying

mullet, Drake has attracted a few dogs and, by putting away his clothes without searching them for leftover mullet, has occasionally created a stink at home.

As best Drake can remember—dimly now—he caught his first fish, a sheepshead, with a cane pole at the age of four. He has been fishing with constancy and joy ever since. He has used handlines and long lines. He has stall-fished and drift-fished. He has cast, trolled and jigged with all kinds of gear and bait. Using shrimp, mullet, bunker, crab, shiners; spoons and spinners; streamers and poppers; pork rinds and dough balls, tin squid and plastic squid and real squid; and various hanks of hair and feathers, he has taken more than 180 species of



MORE OR LESS secure in net, Drake asst barracuda bait to lure shark into camera range.

learned to appreciate Shakespeare (the English playwright, not the American tackle manufacturer). He also learned to factor A-square minus B-square and other academic monotonies that are reputedly useful in later life. Of all the cadences and sounds still echoing from his school days, the one Drake remembers best is the solid, organic "splat" of the lever-action Daisy air rifle that he kept hidden in the woods on the Asheville grounds. He fished the small lake on the school property, but he hunted more. He was the scourge of the local roodentry. When the little furry folk holed up for the winter, Drake pecked away with his Daisy at the behinds of ice skaters on the lake. The other nasty adolescents at The Asheville School put preset alarm clocks and similar devices in the master's desk in study hall. Drake loaded the master's desk with snakes and frogs. He ended his academic tour at Asheville with dubious honors and a lasting love for its woods and waters.

As a boy and teenager—and to a lesser extent later—Drake took fish in ways that would appall a priggish angler. He netted fish, and he hunted them with assorted weapons: above water he took fish with a bow and a lily iron; underwater he went after them with Arbalète, sea lance and Hawaiian sling. He caught live fish for his aquarium with nets, bags and a slurp gun. When he needed bait, he sometimes bagged jumping mullet and flying fish with a shotgun. He has blasted at sharks now and again with a bang stick and, just for the fun of it, has horsed a few into submission with a larist.

As might be expected, after 20 years of intense and—God knows—diverse fishing, Drake gravitated to fly-fishing, the ultimate art. Although without question he today takes the greatest pleasure in elegantly presenting a speck of fluff to a fish with a fly rod, Drake is no purist. His curiosity about fish and his zest for fishing far exceed the limits of a specialist. He is *Piscator* unconfined. If he wanted a fish to eat tomorrow, Drake would just as soon go after it with a broadax.

Fishermen who are bored with orthodoxy should try using a machete, as Drake will do, to get edible mangrove snapper. With machete in hand Drake walks at night along a beach at the water's edge. Suddenly he flashes a light into the water beside him. If he catches a snapper in the beam of light, in a trice he swings the machete, separating the fish's head from its body. Any fisherman interested in taking snapper with a machete a la Drake should keep two things in mind. First, there is little chance of success unless the snapper are abundant and also fairly stupid, which mangrove snapper seldom are. Second, it is wise to practice with a machete in daylight before sallying forth in the dark. An unpracticed machete swinger is apt to miss the snapper altogether and take off his foot.

Ten years ago, after absorbing enough knowledge for a secondary diploma, Drake went to the University of Miami where he concentrated on marine biology and commercial art. Some of the art appealed to him. Curiously, marine biology did not. With mask and fins, Drake often dived on reefs where oddball fish abound and in open water through swarming acres of pelagic species. Occasionally, while roving, he came upon the strange ritual of lobsters marching in rank and file across the barren bottom—thousands of lobsters marching from somewhere to somewhere for no known reason. Around jetties, while anglers flailed the water in vain, he dived and found schools of snook riding to and fro in the surge, ignoring the bombardment of lures overhead.

Because he had been so often among living fish, enjoying their odd ways, Drake found he had little interest in the biology classwork at Miami or in laboratory specimens of fish that smelled of Formalin and were almost as pale as death itself. In his senior year he took a leave of absence in good standing and never went back.

Today he spends a couple of months a year fishing and wildfowling for pleasure. Most of the year, roughly from mid-October to mid-July, he serves as master guide and counselor—and in bad weather also as consoler—for anglers at the Deep Water Cay Club in the northern Bahamas, considered by many to

fish from the fresh and salt waters of North America.

For some reason, possibly a vagrant trace of Hsiwatha in his genes, Drake was destined to be either a hunter or a fisherman. He grew up in Palm Beach, a town entirely surrounded by fish, and as a boy collected many walking, crawling and flying pets. He bought some, more he caught by hand in vacant lots. (After escaping from the family garage, one of his green snakes turned up four months later in the attic, bleached almost white.)

When he was old enough to think of other things, Drake's parents sent him to The Asheville School in the North Carolina mountains. At Asheville he

continued

be the bonefish capital of the universe. He is apt to stay at the job for a while. He likes the work. The anglers like him. And furthermore, his father, Gilbert Drake the elder, owns the club.

The Deep Water Cay Club is situated on one of a dozen flat limestone cays that extend like disjointed segments of a beaver's tail off the eastern end of Grand Bahama Island. To the south and southwest the straggle of cays faces the deep blue of the Northwest Providence Channel. On the opposite side, across

the Little Bahamas Bank, there are many miles of tidal flats and one-fathom water dotted with bare rocks and lesser cays. In many places the slow acids of time have eaten through the old limestone floor that supports the whole area, creating a labyrinth of saline rivers—fingers of the dark Acheron—that wander beneath the land and water. In three dozen spots the old limestone has collapsed completely. As a result, in the tidal creeks between the major cays—and on the cays also—there are deep

blue holes where the water, responding whimsically to the change of tides, sometimes boils upward and sometimes sucks. Boiling or sucking, each blue hole is a beauty place, harboring fish of many kinds and colors.

According to the British Colonial Office and other authoritative mapmakers, the two-mile sliver of land on which Deep Water Cay Club sits is known as Water Cay. When he bought the small island 15 years ago, by authority that he duly invested in himself, Gil Drake the elder renamed it Deep Water Cay. He did so partly because the north end of the property affords good anchorage, but mainly to distinguish it from other odd pocks of land in the Bahamas that are also called Water Cay.

By any name, the place doesn't interest most people. Which is good. The Deep Water Cay Club opened 12 years ago as a fishing resort and it is still that. Compared to the average tourist Casbah in the Bahamas, the club lacks a lot. It does not have a man-made, chlorinated swimming vat, or a cunning Buccaneer Bar, or a gambling casino, or a gift shop. The guests are welcome to use the backgammon board in the main lounge. At the desk a guest can buy monofilament and poppers, wigglers and squirmers to catch fish and (sometimes) a brush to clean his teeth, but that's about the limit of it. The accommodations at the club are comfortable. The boards that occasionally stray into the rooms are all small and friendly. The food is simple but good; the drinks come from the best bottles and are cheap. The dinner conversation rarely drags and is always intriguing for those who dote on fish lore. The club has never advertised, but has depended simply on one satisfied customer telling another. The system seems to work: 80% of the fishermen who try the place come back, often bringing friends.

Although there is good game fishing in the deep and good plug casting around many edges of land, the main attractions of the Deep Water Cay Club are the bonefish and permit on the flats. In the past 10 years Gil Drake the younger has poled skiffs many a mile over flats—several thousand miles, he reckons—to get anglers within casting distance of spooky fish. Despite his Achillean features, when the season first opens in mid-October Drake looks rather like an inflamed owl. Because of the Polaroid

continued

EVEN ON DRY LAND GIL DRAKE IS SURROUNDED BY FISH AT DEEP WATER CAY CLUB

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glasses he wears to cut the glint on the water, large pale circles around his eyes stand out on a sunburned face. As he poles anglers along, Drake calls attention to the various fish lurking on the shoals. "Right over here near the grass we have a big lemon shark," he says matter-of-factly, like a tour guide pointing out historic sites, "and up ahead, about 50 yards at one o'clock, there are a couple of nice barracuda." In the hard light and multicolored of a flat he can distinguish species at distances, unbelievable distances, where the ordinary eye sees only blobs—or nothing at all. Where other men can barely pick up the mark in the sand left by a burrowing bonefish, Drake can tell if it is a recent digging or an old one.

Day to day, Drake's mission is much the same, yet few days are alike. Sometimes when bonefish should be scarce, they are all about. When there should be fish, sometimes they are all gone—and who knows where? On a given day one fisherman can do no wrong while another does nothing right. That is fishing. It is God's will.

A lady named Mrs. Richard LaReno of Barrington, Ill. came to fish at Deep Water Cay three years ago. Previously there had been only one fish in her life—a walleye pike that she had somehow hooked 18 years earlier while casting a dry fly for trout. On her first day at Deep Water Cay, Kathryn LaReno could do no wrong. In the morning she came across single bonefish and occasionally a pair. Although she had rarely used a rod, every bait she cast—guided by a divine hand—fell just right, ahead of the feeding fish. By noon she was back at the lodge for more bait. At three o'clock she had to return again because the fish were wrecking her gear. On her last sortie of the day she ran into a school of thousands of bonefish, such a mob that when she cast north and the bait happened to sail west, it still fell in front of fish. Altogether she hooked up with two dozen bonefish and brought 15 to boat. The finest of them, a 10-pounder, is mounted on her library wall.

In contrast to Mrs. LaReno's good fortune, Gil Drake recalls the fate of the notoriously competent Florida angler, James Morton Caldwell, on his first day after that most elusive and challenging of fish, the permit. Caldwell has killed good salmon and has taken a variety of saltwater gamesters with fly rod

and spinning gear. Drake maintains that, like many another great angler facing a permit for the first time, Caldwell simply went to pieces. Caldwell maintains nothing of the sort. "I had been fishing with one-eighth-ounce lures," he says, "and Drake tied a half-pound crab on my hook. When you go from the sublime to the ridiculous, you need a little practice." In any case, on Caldwell's first cast to a school of permit 40 feet out, the crab went almost straight up with such force that for a moment it seemed it might become the first fishbait in orbit. An instant later it descended, missing the boat by inches. Drake and Caldwell agree that on the second cast the crab went almost straight down, striking the water a foot off the port side. On his third try Caldwell scored a direct hit on the boat. The crab started in perfect trajectory toward the permit, but Caldwell accidentally flipped on the bail of his reel. Ten feet out the crab suddenly paused in flight, then came whipping back to the boat. "When that crab hit the stern," Drake remembers, "it was instantly pulverized." On his fourth cast Caldwell put a crab in the middle of the school. One of the permit picked it up and then spit it out, as if wanting nothing more to do with such an *opéra bouffe*.

Many fishermen are reluctant to dive with a tank and mask, feeling that too much familiarity with fish might take some of the mystique and challenge out of their sport. Drake has spent a good bit of time underwater and loves angling all the more. On shallows he has often dived to feed the same barracuda that he takes above water with a plug. In the blue holes around Deep Water Cay he swims among swirling jacks and under ledges where snapper hang almost motionless in drowsy. Above water he casts for the same fish with zest. In two of the blue holes he often finds schools of large permit. Underwater he can reach out and touch them. Poling on the flats, he counts himself lucky to get within 60 feet of a permit; still, he loves to stalk them.

On his days off from guiding other anglers at Deep Water Cay, Drake often loads a 22-foot Aquasport with a hodgepodge of gear and takes off, alone or with any pal interested in come-what-may. Sometimes he heads for blue water to troll for billfish and tuna. If there are pilot whales moving through the deep, he runs the boat ahead and goes

over the side with a camera to photograph the whales as they come by. Longman, the whitetip shark of the open sea, often trails the whales. If a whitetip shark comes close enough, Drake photographs it also. If it comes too close, he gets brisky out of the water. On a lucky day in the deep he may wander upon the spectacle of tuna, silky sharks and gulls all going for the same ball of baitfish. As the tuna leap out of the water driving the bait, the silky sharks stand vertically on their tails with their heads out of water and their mouths agape to catch whatever happens to jump their way. The gulls flutter just overhead, snagging the baitfish that bounce off the snouts of the sharks.

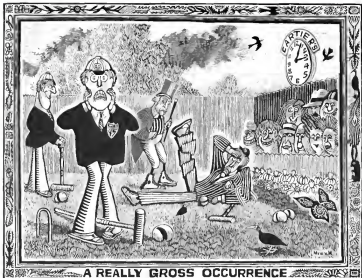
If the action drags in the deep, Drake heads for the shallows. With a throw net he takes pelchards. With the pelchards he takes barracuda. He guts the barracuda and hangs them in the tide to attract sharks. To photograph the sharks Drake uses a collapsible cage that he constructed from pipes and line. Any sturdy shark with half a mind could make a shambles of the cage, but it seems to give Drake comfort. When lemon sharks appear, he usually has a good chance for pictures. With blacktip and silky sharks he never knows. When half a dozen blacktips are milling about, Drake leans out over the top of the cage brandishing half a barracuda, but the blacktips do not always come close enough. The silkies sometimes go right past Drake and bite down on the screw of the boat, worrying it with shakes of their heads. To spoil Drake's pictures—sheer contrariness it seems—the silkies louse up their slick good looks by rubbing along the bottom of the boat, streaking their flanks with anti-fouling paint.

Instead of going for big game, Drake sometimes anchors near a promising hole and spends a simple afternoon pitching a small jig to one-pound snappers. At other times, in a quiet cove, he goes overboard with a plastic bag and a Quinaldine ejector to catch inch-long tropicals for his aquarium. The fish in his life come in all sizes, and he has enthusiasm for them all. He is quite certain that if it were ever impossible to fish in any one specific way, he could be quite happy with another. The only unbearable fate he can imagine is not to fish at all. After a quarter century of steady addiction, Drake reckons he is too far gone now ever to kick the habit.

END

RIGHT OUT OF THEIR LEAGUE

by JOSEPH MATHEWSON



The following is adapted from Alfred van Helwig's no-pitches-pulled account of life and love in the American Croquet League and his three years as offensive third mallet for the Oyster Bay Titans.

Under the title 'The Mallet and the Just,' his story will soon be published in book form with woodcut illustrations by the author's mother, who is better known in artistic circles as Arnold Roth.

My last allusion was brutally ripped away on an afternoon in the spring of 1970.

The sun was shining warmly, but not excessively so. To one side of our home court the daffodils were in riotous bloom and in the surrounding tulip trees robins and thrushes and even a pair of cardinals were busy at their nesting. It was, in short, perfect croquet weather.

Our match that day was against our toughest rival, the Mamaroneck Marauders. It was midway through the season. The Marauders and the Titans were both undefeated, and tension was running high. But it was not so high that a

pro like Dudley Biesenstock would do what he did by accident.

Dudley had a free shot on the Marauders' star rookie, Gerald Cranston. He should have sent Cranston's ball below and slightly beyond the No. 7 wicket. And as far as the crowd, the referees and the other players could tell, that is precisely what he meant to do. From where I was standing, though, I could see him twist his mallet just before it connected. There was a resonant *thock*, and 15.75 ounces of solid maple went speeding across the turf, terminating its flight at the base of Cranston's shin.

I can still hear the sound of shat-

tering bone. I can hear young Cranston's pitiful howls. And worse, I can hear the delighted whoops of the large and blood-thirsty crowd. It was more than a shin that was shattered on that afternoon; it was my faith in professional croquet. Incidents had undermined it previously, but I dearly love the game and I had tried to believe that it wasn't so corrupt as it appeared—or if it were, that the owners and the coaches would seize on the corruption, like a dandelion on the court, and yank it out by the roots. I see now I was deluding myself. As with the sandwiches passed around at halftime, one keeps on hoping there'll be

something new inside, but every time one bites, it's the same old cucumber.

There are many degrading aspects to the sport, and discrimination is among the most conspicuous. It is rife throughout the league, unchecked—if not encouraged—by the coaches.

I remember back in my rookie year there was a lad named Watson. He was a rookie, too, a hard-working, cheerful sort with a fine, clean stroke. Watson came from a perfectly decent family in Scarsdale, N.Y. But—and a big but it was—he had gone to a public high school. Bosie James, our defensive second mallet, used to ride him unmercifully. Bosie is a graduate of Groton, as am I. He seemed to take a liking to me and, I regret to say, I often joined him in poking fun at those whose education had been paid for by the state.

There is, of course, no excuse for my behavior. I was blinded by the glamour of professional croquet. There is nothing I wouldn't have done to get in with the older players, almost all of whom were prepsters. Once I had my contract, I truly tried to be kind to any high school boys who came along. But most of them had their spirits broken by the likes of Bosie James. I saw not only Watson's but many another promising career cut short by unthinking prejudice and unrelenting abuse.

For the Titans as a whole, I might add, abuse of a different kind was our daily lot. Our head coach, Morton Wilcox, had a wife, sadistic tongue and his assistants were no more gently spoken. Croquet, as I came to realize, has played a disgraceful part in coarsening the national sensibility. To quote from Morton verbatim would serve only to make the callus thicker. Suffice it to say that he did not scruple to question either our parentage or the virtue of our mothers. Nor was that his limit. I recall once, in a practice match, I muffed an easy approach shot. Completely losing control of himself, Morton began to scream. He was incoherent at first. But all too soon I understood that his low, derisive remarks were aimed at my masculinity, and I wept with humiliation.

This brings me to the subject of sex in general. More, perhaps, than any other outdoor sport, croquet makes use of equipment that lends itself to sexual innuendo. The balls and the mallets,



the wickets and the gaily colored endposts, all are a rich and constant source of locker room hilarity. The viewing of our game films was a serious event. To lighten the atmosphere, however, one of the coaches could always be counted on to compare a player's missing a wicket with his probable romantic deficiencies. As in the locker room, thus in life. Many of my teammates, it seemed to me, involved as they were with the only-too-familiar types of young ladies who all but throw themselves upon even the least celebrated heroes of



the pitch, were incapable of real love.

But professional croquet arouses another dominating and eventually demeaning urge—the urge to win. On the court, at least, this is not in itself unnatural. But unnatural pressure was put on us, as on all the teams in the league. And that pressure led, inevitably, to dubious medical practices. Librium was as common in the clubhouse as gumballs in a candy store. Rare was the cup of pregame tea that went unspiced with an extra ration of distress. And it was an open secret that half the teams in the ACL were being given Geritol far in excess of the recommended dosage.

As starting time for a match approached, the pressure steadily mounted. In the final moments before we took the field, most of us would kneel while Morton—of all people—would lead us in the Lord's Prayer. For months, I remember, our devotions were punctuated by a rhythmic *thump-thump-thump*. That was Sandy Goodrich pounding his foot with a mallet. He did it, he explained, to engender a rage of pain which he could then direct against our opponents. One day, though, the thumping absurdly stopped and a frightful shrieking took its place; Sandy had overdone it and fractured two of his toes.

After I saw Cranston carried from the court that day, I could no longer pray with my teammates. I would have felt like a hound being blessed before it is set upon some poor, defenseless fox. It began to seem to me that professional croquet had become no more a "sport" than fox hunts are. It began to seem, in fact, that the very etymology of the word croquet had been altered, that what had derived from the nolle French *croquer*, a hooked stick, had come to have its root in *croquer*, to crunch, from which we get *croquette*, as in chicken croquette, and—more darkly still—to *croak*, as in the slang expression meaning to die.

This alteration is all the sadder since croquet, at its best, is a paradigm of the human condition. Ordered and tranquil, as life so rarely is, the game affords a clear view of the nature of our existence: one shoots as best he can, hits or is hit, reaches the endpost or does not. The game over, win or lose, there is always a cup of hot tea waiting.

I would have left the team at the end of the season anyhow, but an incident

continued

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THEIR LEAGUE *continued*

occurred which hastened my departure. Ecology was one of my major interests long before it became a national concern. I wanted to participate in the Earth Day celebration, but the Titans had a match with the Grosse Pointe Cadillacs, and so I could not. Our environment still was much on my mind when I reached the court that afternoon—reached it and found, to my horror, a trio of assassins spraying the grass with a chemical insecticide. I ordered them to stop at once. I was ignored. I protested to Morten and to Gladwin Frost, our owner, but I might as well have protested to the mallet rack.

No other course lay open, so I stretched myself on the turf between the No. 3 and the No. 4 wickets. I supposed that my teammates would join me, seeing the value of my protest. I also supposed that, out of some latent sense of humanity, the assassins would halt their spraying. But I was mistaken in both suppositions; engulfed in a cloud of DDT, I soon lost consciousness.

In my hospital bed the first piece of mail to reach me was a letter announcing that my contract had been canceled. Left thus, with ample time to myself, I started to collect these notes and, more and more, to move toward the conclusion that professional croquet is symptomatic of all the ills that afflict our land. The voices that cheered as Cranston's shin was broken—are they not the same that rally behind our desperate venture in Southeast Asia? Alas, I fear so.

My discovery depressed me briefly. But then came a series of happier thoughts. There are those who continue playing amateur croquet, and as long as I live I plan to do the same. I plan, indeed, to try to revivify the game, making the best use possible of the small prestige I garnered in the ACL.

Many a tricky wicket lies ahead. But if croquet can be given back to the people, if the game at the amateur level can become our country's quinquennial sport, I believe there may yet be hope. Wielding the mallet of justice for all, I believe we can drive the bull of freedom straight and true to the endpoint of a world at peace, that we can build a global court where prep and high school boys are equal, where sportsmanship is more important than winning—a court unsullied by professional croquet which, unwanted and unneeded, must wither, droop and expire.

END

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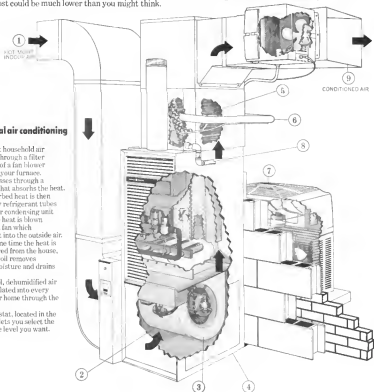
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The following item is restricted to bird watchers:

A great horned owl named **Lord Nelson** was snatched from his cage recently at the Mid-Fairfield County Youth Museum in Connecticut, and police were baffled until they got a mysterious phone call. It directed them to seek out a cardboard box placed at a nearby shopping center. The women did just that, and inside the box was—correct—a great horned owl. Plus a note reading, "Hi there! My name is Lord Nelson. I would appreciate it if you would get me the hell out of this box and back to the Youth Museum, where I belong."

As we said, the item is strictly for bird watchers. Who else would give a hoot?

Everybody who knows golf knows that once-lumpy **Jack Nicklaus** has slimmed down to a lean 185 and has done something, well, stylish with his hair. But here is Jack's own report on what it has done for him: "When I came off the 18th green at the Doral Open in Miami," he told a friend, "there were 10 pretty girls there for autographs—nine were of age—and they each kissed me." Of course, he continued, **Barbara Nicklaus** was there and saw it all. "She hooked her arm in mine, led me away and said, 'O.K., lover. Let's go home and get going with the pancakes, syrup and butter. Got to fatten you up again.'"

Also for the knowledgeable golf fan, here comes a quick one-liner from Broadway columnist **Robert Syberville**. "Why is CBS so upset about (Vice-President Spiro) Agnew's criticism? He was probably aiming at ABC."

The Sporting Marksman of the Week is—

Charles Hubbard, security guard at Jones High School in



Orlando, Fla., who is making his rounds and spots a shadowy figure in a darkened classroom. Several shadowy figures, in fact. Hubbard orders them to come out. Shadowy figures don't budge. Oh, you won't come out, eh? So he draws his pistol and blows away. Then it turns out that the shadowy figures are really life-size paper dolls produced by an art class. Ambonies suspend poor Charlie, despite his defense that he figured he was outnumbered 10 to 1. Still, all was not lost. He actually winged one of those dolls. That'll teach 'em.

• And on **Jerry Baker Appreciation Night** at the Indiana State Fairgrounds Coliseum, the Pacers' broadcaster (fletchingly attired in white tie, red polka-dot slacks, flowered shirt and a beige sport coat) was presented with—well, with a Whirlpool trash canister, a set of MacGregor golf clubs and a bag, a Panasonic AM-FM stereo radio, a sport coat, a desk set, a black leather reclining chair, a month's payment on the new house he moved into in January, 125 gallons of gasoline, five shares in a beer company, a striped referee's shirt, an autographed picture of

Norman Drucker (thanks, Norman!), proclamations from Indianapolis Mayor Richard Lugar and Indiana Governor Edgar Whitcomb, a Coca-Cola cooler with a case of Coke, a lifetime supply of air-sickness pills, a string of play whistles, a toy Greyhound bus, a model telephone and a plane ticket for his wife **Ramona** to accompany him during the basketball playoffs. Oh, yes. Also a one-pound bag of perfumed horse manure. *Thoroughbred horse manure.*

One of Maryland's state senators, **Edward T. Conroy**, now has a legislative aide, **Ralph Palladin**, who happens to be the fourth-ranked junior middle-eight in the world. Senators, Palladin loyally reports, have it tougher than boxers. "They get out on the floor and say, 'My distinguished colleague this, my esteemed colleague that,' and then slash the other guy to pieces. They're doing it all day long! I only have to do it for 45 minutes in the ring."

• Students, uh, fellas, meet **Bonnie Malek**. Bonnie is 14, the first girl ever accepted for summer training by the Kingston (Ontario) Hockey School, a place run by **Wayne Cashman** of the NHL's Boston Bruins. Bonnie doesn't play on any real team yet, but she is murder on the ponds around Norwood, N.Y., and she impressed school officials with her desire for the game. Bonnie wants a spot on the high school team. Now, fellas, remember, when we get to the lessons about fighting, don't anybody slug Bonnie.

And there is more news from the Little Liberation Front:

In Fayetteville, N.C., a suit has been filed against the Chevrolet Division of General Motors over the Soapbox Derby—it is claimed that the applicants of **Deborah Boissone** and a

friend, **Sandra Sosa**, were refused because they were girls. Girls in the derby? At Sebring and Daytona, maybe, but the Soapbox Derby! Is nothing sacred?

In New York, meanwhile, the State Board of Regents moved—with one dissenting vote—to let girls compete with boys in non-contact sports. Such stuff as archery, badminton, bowling, fencing, golf, gymnastics, riflery, swimming, skiing, table tennis and track and field. Rowing also is O.K., the regents ruled, provided the girls serve as coxswains, but football, baseball and wrestling are out. That one negative vote came from Mrs. **Helen B. Powers**, the only woman on the board. "It's all 'educationally unsound,'" she said, and besides, while men coaches are fine, women coaches understand the girls better.

And in Portland, Ore. Boy Scouting circles, the Explorers have started accepting girls. They also have started accepting women Explorer leaders, perhaps, as one observer pointed out, to watch what the boys are exploring.



It's not how long you wear your hair but . . .

The rich Questor Grand Prix began as a showdown between U.S. and European cars and lifestyles—hairstyles, anyway—and ended in compromise as Italian-American Mario Andretti (hair: medium mod) won in a Ferrari

In Jackie Stewart's feverish schedule—the act of climbing into a four-wheeled torpedo for high-speed trips over the twisting road courses on which he races must seem like a rest cure. The road Scot, who is regarded as No. 1 in the world at his delicate and often treacherous profession, whisks through life at the same exuberant pace at which he propels his low-slung, dark blue machine down a long straight. His nearly inexhaustible powers of mind, body and spirit were on display throughout the month of March, but most of all last week just outside Los Angeles, where Stewart had gone to drive his Tyrrell-Ford in

the \$288,900 Questor Grand Prix on the infield road course of the new Ontario Motor Speedway. After three hard days of qualifying, Stewart won the pole position on the starting grid with a fastest lap of 113.59 mph.

When the race had ended and Stewart, rather by 25,250 new U.S. dollars, had tumbled into a plane for an over-the-pole trip to London, he was rounding out a month in which he had logged 60 hours on passenger jets flying 30,000 miles, competed in three auto races (in South Africa, England and California) and passed exactly one night at his home in Switzerland. It was a typical week in the life of Jackie Stewart, and a very typical month. In this case, on and off the track, Stewart may have been trying just a little harder. He wants to remain No. 1 at what he already does so well, but Stewart pursues personal ambition only in the context of the success of road racing in general and each race in particular. For his sport as a whole he has therefore become an imaginative promoter, a tireless salesman, an outspoken watchdog in support of improved safety in racing. It is easy to formulate this picture of Jackie in his car in the heat of a race, white crash helmet swiveling from side to side as he checks out the size of the crowd, wonders if the public-address announcer is keeping the fans on top of the action and hopes that TV producers have stuck a couple of cameras out by Corner 14, the most difficult and exciting on the course.

For a couple of reasons the Questor race was of particular significance to Stewart and everyone else in motor sports. Questor, whose conglomerate arms embrace automotive products, the Spalding sporting-goods company, baby bottles and Tinkertoys, among other things, was sinking \$500,000 into the race in an effort to establish some sort of national image for a name that is only two years old. And the Ontario Speedway, which has already spent \$30 million to create the world's most lavish racing plant, was attempting to be-

gauge the West with Grand Prix racing European style.

To help liven up the occasion track officials worked out a special format ostensibly to determine how America's best oval-track, Indy-type racers—the Foyts, Unsers, Donohues, Andrettis—would stack up on the speedway's 3.194-mile road course against the world's fastest Grand Prix drivers. It was Europe, in the shape of 17 nimble, three-liter Formula 1 cars, versus America, represented by 13 similar but more powerful, less wily Formula A racers.

The race organizers brought Stewart over in early March for a whirlwind tour that took in New York, Los Angeles and Chicago. The gregarious Scotsman was happy to oblige:

"It's a bit of a rat race, all this," he said between almost nonstop sessions with reporters, promoters and TV cameras, "but it would be bad for international racing if a company like Questor came into racing totally fresh, didn't enjoy the experience and fell out. I feel personally responsible for making them continue."

The tour also produced a touch of Stewart's special brand of repartee. Scoring a victory in the 500-mile stock-car race at Ontario in late February, A. J. Foyt, the sturdy dean of U.S. track racers, had clambered out of his car and made a remark that could endear him only to city folks and skinheads.

"Now that I've taken care of these hill-billies," said Foyt, "I'm looking forward to beating those long-haired European fags."

"Can you imagine A. J. saying a thing like that?" responded Stewart, who wears his hair at shoulder length. "He must surely be the Spro Agnew of motor sports."

As it turned out, Foyt's car took some funny bounces in the race and eventually retired with mechanical ills in both heats. But then Stewart himself ran into a series of disappointments upon his arrival at Ontario last week. In fact, for a few ghastly seconds just before dawn



DROPOUT A. J. FOYT WAS ANTI-HAIR

on Thursday, virtually all of the Formula 1 cars came close to being wiped out before they even made it to their garage areas at the track. The freight plane from London carrying 14 cars and related equipment, a cargo worth approximately \$750,000, blew out four tires on its right wheels while landing in fog at Ontario International Airport. Only brilliant maneuvering by the pilot kept the plane from flipping over on its side and scrambling the delicate cars together like so many Easter eggs.

Stewart calmly digested this news along with a breakfast of eggs, tea and pancakes, and then had to absorb another shock on his first spin around the track in a Dodge Challenger driven by American Swede Savage. The road was flat. It was narrow. All but the front straight was so far from the spectators in the grandstand that the expensive racing machinery resembled a collection of tiny go-karts.

"This looks more like a pathway than a racecourse," Stewart growled as Savage carefully maneuvered the sedan around the track. "We're going to have a devil of a time trying to pass anywhere. It has no features to help guide us around, and the spectators are too far off to get any feeling for the cars or the race. What a shame to put up all this money and go to all this trouble and build a track like this."

(Savage would concur. In the race, he spun out, crashed and suffered a serious head injury.)

After three days of practice and time trials Stewart was able to show a slightly more generous attitude toward the track. "It's a very difficult and demanding course," he said, "but after you've been around it a few times you learn how to use the road and where you can pass. It becomes a bit of an outmaneuvering operation; if you're smart there are places where you can embarrass the other fellows a few times."

Unfortunately, by then it had also become clear that the Formula A cars of the American drivers would suffer most of the embarrassment. The Europe vs. America aspect of the race was deteriorating into a mismatch on the order of Drake versus the Spanish Armada. Most of the U.S. drivers were competing on Saturday in a track race in Phoenix and only had time for a few cursory qualifying spins on the first day. In addition the Formula A cars, while powerful, were



BRITTON GRAHAM HILL AND JACKIE STEWART STRUCK A BLOW FOR LONG LOOKS

not sufficiently prepared. Only two of them earned places in the first 14 spots on the starting grid.

Stewart gloomily eyed the vast tiers of empty seats on qualifying days, resolved to try all the harder to keep sponsor interest alive, and so launched himself into a weekend designed more to trigger a nervous breakdown than first-rate driving. On Friday night the Questor people gave a dinner at the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles, an hour's drive away. Stewart was on hand amid the lush hurgandy decor to chat about tennis with Donah Shore, motor racing with Paul Newman and Jim Garner, skeet shooting with Robert Stack and patience with Questor's 42-year-old board chairman, Paul Putnam.

"You musn't take this as a real test," he pleaded with Putnam. "It doesn't just happen all at once. Something much more can be done to bring out the European flavor. It needs a bit of magic and sometimes it takes a while to conjure it up."

At 5 a.m. the following morning Stewart was awake to open a sports show he was booking in Glasgow via transatlantic phone call. At 8:30 he appeared with Graham Hill, Denis Hulme, Peter Revson and Garner in a three-hour symposium for paying guests at the track. At

11:30 he returned to his hotel to tape interviews for a Goodyear commercial, whose race tires he uses. At 1 p.m. he was back on the track for four more hours of practice and qualifying trials.

Nevertheless, on Saturday night Stewart showed up at the track for a party given by Speedway President Dave Lockton, just as if the social whirl were all that counted in motor sports anyway.

As for the success of the race, Stewart needn't have worried even though he was destined to finish second in both heats and the final standings. After a week of damp haze the sun came out hot and bright, and with it 68,825 spectators. The winner, a young man of longer-than-hardhat but less-than-hippie hair length, was near-perfect. He was none other than Mario Andretti of Indy fame, Italian-born but an American resident since 1955, and when he swept by Stewart in his bright red Ferrari Formula 1 and into first place with only two laps to go in the first heat, the crowd roared with delight. The second heat was a run-away for Andretti.

"I think it was unfair to call the race United States versus Europe," said Mario, who earned \$39,400, "but it certainly did prove something about America versus the world. I mean, look who won."

END

Here come the big, good Bruins

It's finesse over flisticuffs as
Boston eyes another Stanley Cup

Can Wally Harkness skate? Well, even if Wally uses double runners some National Hockey League team ought to sign him to a contract before the Stanley Cup playoffs begin next week, for no one in hockey history—not Bobby Orr, not Bobby Hull, not even Jean Beliveau—ever got the cup as easily as Harkness did. One morning last December, Harkness, a Toronto policeman, was aroused by the barking of his dog and the screeching of tires. He dashed outside and there, perched atop a mound of snow in his yard, was the cup, compliments of the thieves who had stolen it from the Hockey Hall of Fame.

Stealing the cup from the Boston Bruins in the playoffs will be more difficult. Powered by Orr and Phil Esposito, they were on the verge of setting some 35 records, most of them in the offensive categories, as they neared the end of the regular schedule, and unless one of their playoff opponents produces the perfect goaltender—that is, someone four feet high and six feet wide—they should win the cup for the second straight year. "Hey, all the records, all the awards mean nothing if you don't win the cup, too," Orr said. "That's all we want now."

All the Bruins' main rivals—Chicago, Montreal, New York and Toronto—enter the playoffs with nagging little problems. Their secondary opponents—St. Louis, Minnesota and Philadelphia—simply are not good enough, and a new cup format helps the expansion teams not at all. The NHL has acted to end the mismatches that have characterized the final series of cup play since the expansion of 1967-68. No longer will there be an automatic West finalist. Barring

unexpected 11th-hour changes in the standings, in the first round, starting next week, Boston plays Montreal, New York plays Toronto, Chicago plays Minnesota and St. Louis plays Philadelphia in best-of-seven-game series. Then in the second round comes the big difference: the Boston-Montreal winner will cross over and play the survivor of the St. Louis-Philadelphia series, while the New York-Toronto winner will play either Chicago or Minnesota. Chances are the West's expansion teams thus will be kaput after round two. After that the two survivors—most likely Boston and Chicago—will play for the cup itself.

More than anything else, though, the 1971 playoffs signal some eventment after perhaps the most boring season in the history of the NHL. The league's first attempt at a balanced schedule, in which all the teams played six games against each other, failed miserably by producing too much one-sided hockey. Spectators accustomed to brusk Montreal-New York or Chicago-Boston games 14 times a season could not accept Oakland and L.A., for example, coming to town as often as the buggies.

Boston, which won more games this year than any team in history, skates into the playoffs with a new image. "We're the Big, Good Bruins now," Bobby Orr says. What Orr means is that Boston no longer has to beat teams physically to beat them on the scoreboard. "We can play the game any way the other team wants," says Tom Johnson, the Bruin coach. "You want finesse, we'll give you finesse. You want a rough game, we'll give you a rough game. You want defense, we'll give you defense. All we need," he adds, "is a little cooperation from the other team."

Cooperation may come hard for Montreal, which has won 10 straight cup series from the Bruins. "This one will come down to the goaltending. I think," says John Ferguson, the Canadiens' tough left wing. Little Rogatien Vachon, the Canadiens' No. 1 goaltender, was inconsistent during the season and if he starts poorly Coach Al MacNeil will try 6' 4" 210-pound Ken Dryden, the Cornell graduate who plays for the Canadiens between law classes at McGill.

"I played against a lot of the Bruins when they were losers," MacNeil says. "They didn't start winning until they got a few fantastic players, like Orr. One year doesn't make a dynasty."

While Chicago should have little trouble disposing of the Minnesota North Stars, the Black Hawks have one problem: Gerry Desjardins, the No. 2 goaltender, broke his arm two weeks ago and probably will miss all the cup games. As a result Tony Esposito will not have an adequate backup man.

The St. Louis-Philadelphia series matches teams that can't score goals but, on the other hand, do not give up many, either. This probably will be the roughest series in the first round. The Blues' Ernie Wakely has been erratic in goal, and unless ancient Glenn Hall plays well for the Blues they could lose a playoff series to an expansion rival for the first time. Philadelphia still seems shocked by the trade of Goaltender Bernie Parent to Toronto, but if Goalie Doug Favell has fully recovered from his recent case of amnesia the Flyers might upset the Blues.

The Maple Leafs represent the best upset possibility in the first round. The Leafs have the top goaltending team in the league—42-year-old Jacques Plante and the 25-year-old Parent—and Toronto's veteran centers, Dave Keon and Norm Ullman, are superior checkers whose harassing tactics usually lead to at least one breakaway a piece each game. Finally, Bob Baun has straightened away the young Toronto defensemen after a disastrous start, the Leafs floundered in last place for two months. "Baun is our leader," says Ricky Ley, a 22-year-old defenseman. "We know that he's played on broken legs. That makes us give a little more."

They will be giving against hockey's mystery team—New York. The Rangers should win the Vezina Trophy for the best goals-against average, already have won more games than ever before—and still are finishing second. During one stretch they won nine games and tied one but still lost a point to the Bruins, who won 10 straight. They have bombed out of the playoffs the last four years, mostly because the forwards could not score enough goals and Goalie Eddie Giacomin finally became too tired to stop the other team's shooters. So this year Coach Emile Francis rested Giacomin extensively. Still, even if Giacomin plays his best, the Rangers do not seem to have that one player who will rally them at a time of crisis. They do not have a star.

So they could use a little serendipity—like a Wally Harkness, maybe. **END**



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

**Julius Boros couldn't have gone through this
without learning something.**



When he told us what it was, we built a more accurate iron.

Julius Boros looked like the winner of the 1965 U.S. Open until he hit this hole.

Coming out of a downhill, sidehill lie on a heavy grass bunker, he "pushed it" just enough to throw his second shot off to the right of the green. Maybe it's happened to you.

But because it happened to Julius Boros, he lost the Open. That poor second shot influenced the rest of his game enough to throw his attitude off.

The more he thought about it later on, the more he realized that he hadn't done anything wrong. It was his iron.

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Working together, we came up with a STAFF club innovation: an iron that helps prevent "pushing" or "pulling" the ball.

The Staff iron's sole is contoured from heel to toe, and from the leading edge to the back of the sole.

This prevents the toe or heel from digging into the hitting surface prematurely—twisting the face enough to "push" or "pull" the shot.

We call it the "contoured sole".

It's standard on every Staff iron.

It gives you more power going into the ball because there's not a lot of unnecessary metal cutting into the turf.



Less heel and toe for less turf drag.

It also gives you greater accuracy. Because there's less of a chance that the blade's going to twist. So the ball goes where you tell it to go.

Contoured soles are a big step forward in lower scores. And we've all got Julius Boros to thank for it.

Like all the other pros on our advisory staff, he continually brings his ideas—and his problems—back to us. Working together, we almost always arrive at the same conclusion: a better club for you.

For example: everyone's always looking for greater accuracy and distance in an iron.

Because Sam Snead took a good look at an old pitching wedge of his, we found it.

He noticed that the worn spot extended high up on the iron's face. He figured that the ball was "climbing" the face during impact, causing a

worn spot where it stopped climbing and took off.

But the greatest concentration of weight in the iron's head wasn't anywhere near the spot where the ball left the face. For the greatest possible accuracy and distance, it should've been.



More power behind the ball
because there's more weight behind the ball.

So Sam Snead brought his thoughts back to us. And they grew into another Staff standard feature: the DYNA-POWER principle.

Because of the different lofts in every Staff iron, there are different points of departure for the ball. We figured out where each one was—and put the greatest concentration of weight behind these points. So your ball goes farther. And with greater accuracy. There are plenty of other Staff features. And every one of them is designed to ultimately do one thing: to help you improve your game.

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And individually stepped-down shafts in every set of Staff clubs to give you the same, consistent good feel in every club. So every one of them will have the same swing, the same sensuous sensation.

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What the fans came to see is what they got

Indiana was supposed to win its fourth straight collegiate title and—hoo, boy!—did it win

It was a show-bizzy week in Ames, the rustic home of Iowa State. The *Ali-Frazier* fight film was doing a brisk business at the Collegian; *Love Story* was playing at the Varsity and Ronald McDonald, the eponymous clown who appears in the McDonald hamburger commercials, was signing autographs and giving away balloons at a stand on South Duff Street. They had to call out the police to handle the crowd at that one. By far the biggest attraction, however, was the three-day NCAA swimming and diving championships in Beyer Hall, where SRO audiences showed up to see the nation's finest swimmers—or, more precisely, to see if Indiana University could win its fourth straight title and live up to its advance billing as the Greatest College Team Ever.

Well, to paraphrase Flip Wilson, what the fans came to see is what they got. The Hoosiers turned the meet into a rout as early as the second event, the 200-yard individual medley. Indiana's top hope was Gary Hall, a sophomore who resembles a piece of muscular spaghetti and is the best all-around swimmer in the world. He won in 1:52.2—an NCAA and American record—but, more significantly, Hoosiers also finished third, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth for an unprecedented 53 points in a single event. "Oh my," or words to that effect, said USC Coach Peter Daland, who could see



TENNESSEE'S EDGAR BROKE HOOSIER MONOPOLY BY TAKING 50 AND 100 FREESTYLE

the handwriting on the, uh, scoreboard. "From now on it's for second place."

When the meet finally closed its record-breaking stand, the Hoosiers' domination was complete. They won eight out of 13 individual events; set four American and seven NCAA records; had, in Hall, the only triple winner of the meet and wound up with 351 points to 260 for perennial runner-up USC—a margin that would have been greater had not John Kinsella and Mark Spitz committed a *faux pas* at the end of the 800-yard freestyle relay.

As the lead-off swimmers took their marks, everyone knew the relay was between Indiana and USC; the Hoosier team had turned in a 6:48.84 qualifying time to break USC's American and NCAA records. But nobody was taking the Trojans for granted, especially after Jim McConica and Kim Tutt opened up a length lead over Spitz and Gary Connelly. On the third leg Kinsella drew al-

most even with Tom McBrean. That left it up to the anchor men—Hall and Andy Strenk—and Hall was tired. Earlier that night he had swum the 400 IM in 3:58.25—an American and NCAA record—and Strenk touched him out. But both teams had reason to be proud. The times—6:39.05 for USC and 6:39.57 for Indiana—were more than nine seconds better than the American record.

Then came the announcement: "Indiana has been disqualified." What happened was Kinsella and Spitz jumped in the pool to congratulate Hall before the anchor men from the other four finalists had finished. It was a nagging offense, but the fine was dear, 26 points.

"That was a little too much team spirit," said the Indiana coach, Dr. James E. (Doc) Counsilman. "But all this means is that we're leading by 74 points instead of 100."

"It was dumb," said Kinsella.

Kinsella had earlier won the 500-yard

—continued

freestyle in a smart 4:27.39 (an NCAA record, natch). "I was a little disappointed, though," he said. "I wanted to go faster." He did, in a sense, in the 1,650-yard free (66 lengths of the pool), which he swam in 15:26.51—almost 10 seconds below his own American record. "At the end my stomach was hurting," he said. "I think I ate too much breakfast. I was burping the whole way."

As for the spirited Spitz, he shook off the effects of a cold to win both butterfly events, and set an NCAA record (49.42) for the 100 in a heat.

The other member of Indiana's Big Four, freshman backstroke Mike Stamm, had a more despondent week. He qualified for the 100 with an NCAA record (51.5) but in the final he was upset by one of his own teammates, Santiago Esteve, a member of Spain's Olympic team.

In the 200 Stamm again qualified in NCAA record time (1:51.74) and again lost to a teammate in the final, although his time (1:51.47) was a personal best.

Hall, the winner, took a big early lead and held on to win, surprising everyone with a 1:50.6, which smashed all smashable records.

"I pulled a Hall, and Hall pulled a Stamm," said Stamm. "I didn't expect him to go out like that, and I just couldn't catch him."

"We didn't try to psych each other before the race," said Hall. "We're good friends, no conflicts. It's just too bad we have to overlap."

Indiana wasn't the only team with record-breaking performers. Tennessee's Dave Edgar enhanced his reputation as the World's Fastest Human (Afloat) by winning both freestyle sprints. On the first night he took the 50 in 20.3, an NCAA record. "That was O.K.," he said, "but doggone it, I still think I can break 20." A few minutes later, in the 400 medley relay, Edgar had an amazing split of 43.3 (with a flying start), which gave Tennessee a fourth-place finish.

Edgar's 21st birthday came up on the

final day of the meet, and he celebrated by breaking the 100-yard mark three straight times. His 44.74 in a heat made him the first ever to break 45 seconds. In the final he lowered his record to 44.69. When Edgar climbed on the victory stand, his teammates interrupted a standing ovation with an *a cappella* rendition of *Happy Birthdays*. Then, at the start of the 400 freestyle relay, Edgar informed the timers that he was going for the record again. He got it, with a 44.51, and, thanks largely to him, the Vols came in second behind USC and wound up in sixth place overall, the highest finish ever for a Southern team. And how did Edgar feel? "I'm shooting for 44 in the 100," he said.

Stanford also had a double winner in breaststroker Brian Job. In a qualifying heat he lost his American record in the 100 to UCLA's Tom Bruce (56.87), but came back to beat Bruce in the final. Afterward, the 19-year-old Job was asked if being introduced as the "former record holder" had upset him. "Nah," he

Jim Beam. The Bourbon that bridged the generation gap.

Burt Bacharach, America's
top music composer.
And his father, the
famed newspaper publisher.



said, "You can't start thinking you're a has-been at my age."

On the final day of competition Job qualified for the 100 in 2:03.4, breaking his American and NCAA records, then rebroke them in the final with a 2:03.39. Job also swam the breaststroke leg on Stanford's medley relay team, which touched out Indiana in an American record 3:22.52. "I'm tired," said Job. "In fact, I've been tired for a long time."

For USC, McConica won the 200-yard free, with teammates Frank Heckl second, Tutt fourth and McBreen ninth. That gave the Trojans 44 points, which was the main reason they were able to nose out their West Coast rivals—UCLA, Stanford and Long Beach State—for second place. "This means a lot to us," said Doland, "especially since we lost to UCLA in a dual meet and in our conference meet" (The same thing happened to Florida and Tennessee, the SEC powers. Florida shaved down for the conference meet and beat the Vols by 11 points,

but Tennessee peaked for the nationals, and Florida was a distant 12th.)

Long Beach, which came to Ames with more foreign swimmers than Americans, was virtually knocked out even before the competition began. Two weeks before the meet, Coach Don Gambrell discovered that Gunnar Larsson, the world record holder in the 200-meter IM and the 400-meter free, had been receiving \$80 a month from his home club in Sweden. Gambrell turned the case over to the NCAA for arbitration. Two hours before the nationals began, Gambrell received a telegram from Long Beach's athletic director ordering him to scratch Larsson from all events. "That cost us at least 50 points," said Gambrell.

The way Hall swam, though, Larsson was better off in the grandstand. Hall was The Man for Indiana. Last season, as a freshman, he was disappointing in the NCAA's, winning only one gold medal. Part of the reason was the altitude at Salt Lake City but, as Hall said, "I

was uptight. I didn't really feel caught up in the team spirit."

This season, however, Hall has relaxed, gained confidence and immersed himself in the team. "I like to think of myself as being a team-type swimmer," he said. "Last year we didn't really have that much team spirit as the NCAA's, but this year we pulled together and did the best we could. This meet was important to me, not for myself but for what I was doing for Doc and Indiana."

"Right now Gary is the best all-round swimmer in the world, past or present," said Mark Wallace, Indiana's longtime manager and unofficial assistant coach. "Except for the breaststrokes, he could have won any race he wanted."

After the final event the Hoosiers pushed Counsilman and Diving Coach Hobbs Billingsley into the pool. As an ending, it was predictable and corny. But a lot happier than *Lone Star* and a little more cathartic than a Ronald McDonald autograph and a free balloon.

END

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All aboard for the big flush

The Banzai Pipeline it ain't, or even Huntington Beach, but the man-made waves at Big Surf made do for the Inland Intercollegiates

Everyone knows that you need rain for farming, water for things like bridges and boats and an ocean for surfing. Everyone, that is, except the sun-baked optimists of Arizona. Near Phoenix farmers grow hydroponic tomatoes in plastic tents; at Lake Havasu City workmen are rebuilding London Bridge across acres of sand; and at Window Rock the Navajo are thinking about buying paddle-wheel steamers to take tourists from Glen Canyon Dam to Rainbow Bridge.

Arizona's never-say-dry spirit makes its biggest splash, however, at Big Surf (SI, Nov. 10, 1969). This is a 20-acre oasis on the outskirts of Tempe where the genius of man and \$2.5 million of Clairol Surf, Inc. capital have created a long, keyhole-shaped lagoon that has a wave-making mechanism behind a wall at one end and a wide sandy beach at

the other, 400 feet away. Unlike an ocean, which has mysterious moods, Big Surf can turn its five-foot waves on at 8 a.m., send them down the lagoon at programmed intervals and turn them off at closing time. There are no waves during the winter, when the lagoon is filled with the tumbleweeds that roll across the Valley of the Sun.

For its grand pre-reopening last month Big Surf announced its second annual Collegiate Inland Surfing Classic and offered \$1,000 in scholarships for individual winners, trophies for the best teams, a free practice day in the lagoon, a water show, and free food, music and a party. Invitations were accepted by 102 surfers from 23 schools, including such salty institutions as Oklahoma and the College of Artesia, N. Mex. Big Surf has palm trees, Polynesian-style buildings and office girls who go barefoot

and say "aloha" when they answer the phone. But Hawaii it ain't. Instead of sandpipers and gulls, it attracts road-runners and cactus wrens. It has beach bunnies, but it also shows off a few jackrabbits.

Bill Christman, president of Clairol Surf, Inc., was asked if the lagoon ever had oil spills or sharks. "No," he said, "but someone put a 10-pound carp in our circulation basin last fall."

Most of the questions were about making waves. Water from the lagoon is periodically pumped back into the reservoir behind the end wall. At intervals 15 gates open, sending 70,000 gallons or so of water against an underwater bulge, which creates a wave. The contestants termed this operation "the big flush."

"In the ocean you paddle around and maybe see a big wave coming a quarter of a mile away," said Duane McGough, a United Air Lines stewardess who came to help with the water show. "Here you paddle out to a point near the middle of the wall and wait for the explosion. It's scary at first."

When waves are fired at intervals of a minute or more, each one usually moves in a wide V-pattern with a curl that breaks right and left all the way to the beach. "But last year," said Mike Wilson of Long Beach State, the 1970 champion, "they were firing waves at 30-second intervals, and when they rebounded back from the beach the whole scene looked like *Victory at Sea*."

Some saltwater surfers said Big Surf was another sign the Establishment was taking over the last free sport in the world. Linda Benson, five times U.S. women's surfing champion, disagreed. "It's a lot better than I thought it would be," she said. "Not the greatest surf in the world, but it's here. If we keep losing beaches in California and things get more crowded, we may need places like this, even along the coast."

Each contestant was judged once at a time, unlike in ocean contests where as many as five surfers paddle out at the same time to pick their waves within a time limit. To some the Big Surf method seemed fairer, but to the free spirits of the sea it looked as if the Establishment were confining the individual to a very narrow groove.

One of the judges, Mrs. Brennan McClelland, who as Marge Calhoun won any number of contests and helped found the U.S. Surfing Association, saw it both



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ways. "On the ocean," she said, "part of the game is reading the surf and picking an excellent wave. The spectators enjoy it because a gambling surfer may wait and wait, using up most of his time hoping that better waves are due. Here it's a repetitive situation. Most of the waves are the same, and you take what's given. But the challenge is to do more, and we judges will be watching to see what tricks these kids will use on this spilling-type wave."

Her husband, Heys McClelland, was so intrigued by the desert setting and one-by-one procedure that when he helped out at the microphone he shouted, "Coming out of chute No. 9" as though the rides were rodeo turns. Heys has this theory that surfing is like bronc riding. "In almost every sport judged on points—diving, gymnastics, ice skating—the equipment is the same for everyone," he said. "But ocean surfers and rodeo hands have to take a different wave or bronc each time—some good and some bad."

The first day's competition left the burning question of the relative skills of ocean and inland surfers up in the air—or rather, at sea. Of the 40 semifinalists, only eight were Arizonans; although Big Surf was their thing, it had been closed for five months, and they complained that they were out of practice.

The next morning the field was narrowed to 10. By noon it was 82° in the shade. In the picnic ramadas, elderly tourists gazed at the beach bunnies, compared motel prices and mourned the passing of Lawrence Welk from network television. Family groups arrived after church, and soon little children were building sand castles.

Then it was time for the finals, in which the surfers were judged on the best four out of five rides. Gary Anderson, a freshman from San Diego State, won the top scholarship, and two of his teammates also finished in the money. SDS (if you'll pardon the expression) naturally won the top team trophy, the University of San Diego coming in second.

The Associated Press reportedly carried a short account of the contest, which it mislabeled the "Collegiate Inland Surfing Competition." A Portland, Ore. subscriber (no doubt an admirer of the Marquis) sent this message to the bureau: "Believe such a competition deserves more than two grafts." **END**

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NO REQUIEM FOR A HEAVYWEIGHT



by **GEORGE PLIMPTON**

The fight, the dressing room, the hospital are all behind him. Now Muhammad Ali guides strangers through his new house, toys with its sparkling chandeliers and shows nothing has really changed





If you fight a good left hooker, sooner or later he will knock you on your deletion. He will get the left out where you can't see it, and in it comes like a brick. Life is the greatest left hooker so far, although many say it was Charley White of Chicago....

Ernest Hemingway

When Ali got hit in the 15th round with Joe Frazier's big left hook, the best contemporary punch in the business, his assistant trainer, Bundini, referred to by many as the ex-champ's alter ego, reached in one instinctive motion for his water bucket and sent an arc of spray in the direction of his fighter—an act for which he was subsequently suspended by the New York State Athletic Commission. "Trying to revive my soldier," he explained later. "My, you'd think I'd climbed into the ring to get Frazier with a baseball bat."

The more immediate consequence of the left hook was that Bundini knew Ali was going to lose the fight. "That punch blew out all the candles on the cake," he remembered thinking, and when the round was over, he hurried to the side of his fighter to help shepherd him through his first defeat.

At the announcement of Frazier's victory, Bundini, whose emotions ride just beneath the surface, burst into tears, and he grabbed for Ali. "Don't worry, champ," he yelled over the crowd noise. "You fought like a champ. You got nothing to be ashamed of."

Ali twisted away from him warily. "Don't hold me, Bundini, daww. I'm sore. I'm sore in the neck. I'm sore in the ribs."

Bundini kept at it: "Don't feel down! Look at Frazier! He's more messed! He's sitting on his stool! He looks like the Hunchback of Notre Dame!"

"Let's go," the fighter said. Bundini could

continued

barely hear him in the storm of shouts. "Let's get out of here. Let's go home."

They started moving for the corner steps. Behind them, Bundini and Ali heard Joe Frazier's voice saying, "Good fight. You're a real tough man." Ali turned and said: "You are, too. You're the champ." He turned back. Bundini heard him say, half whispering, "Come on, let's go on home," and dutifully he began to push again toward the corner and the steps leading down to the arena floor.

The press of people in the ring was considerable, with more coming up the steps trying to get to the fighters. Among them was the Rev. Ralph Abernathy in his familiar worker's coveralls, an Ali supporter, tears streaming down his cheeks, and in his grief, reaching arms outstretched for Ali on the steps, creating such a weird, demented figure that one of Ali's bodyguards, a tall ex-Muslim, hit him with a left hook and toppled him backward off the steps into the lap of Edward Bennett Williams, the famous Washington trial lawyer. There were those watching at ringside acute enough, even in the turmoil of the moment, to recognize that if the reverend wished to initiate a lawsuit, certainly he was in the proper hands.

Ali, his right jaw swollen to enormous proportions from the left hook he had received in the 11th round, was hardly aware of the heaving and pushing; he let himself be buoyed back and forth by his supporters, half carried down the steps, and once on the arena floor he was hurried along, his hips now beginning to stiffen on him, through the tunnel of faces toward his dressing room. His mind, terribly tired, was just barely ticking over. "The world's still going on," he remembers thinking. "I got things to do. I got a family to raise. I got money to collect. Let's go home."

In Toledo, Ohio, on the Fourth of July, 1919, as Jess Wilkard was led stumbling down the ring steps after his destruction at the fists of Jack Dempsey, half blind, his ribs broken, some of his teeth knocked out (there had been a scramble for them at ringside),

a young Chicago reporter named Charles MacArthur overheard him muttering through the cheers for Dempsey: "I have \$100,000 and a farm in Kansas. I have \$100,000 and a farm in Kansas, . . ."

When they got to the dressing room, Ali was brought over to a rubbing table. He sat on it first, and then turned over and lay on his side, his feet drawn up because the table was short for him, so that his position was slightly fetal. Bundini cut the laces of his red-tasseled shoes with a scissors and drew them off. He skinned off the socks, the red boxing trunks and the protective cup; he wrapped a towel around the fighter's waist. A pillow was fashioned for him out of towels.

Ali's eyes were closed.

Bundini whispered in his ear, "You fought one of the great fights ever fought in history."

His fighter's eyes flickered.

"You're not going to quit?" Though close to the ex-champion and privy to his thoughts, Bundini had to struggle to get the question out.

His fighter looked at him. "Bundini, we're going to set traps for big game." His voice was very tired. Bundini could barely hear him.

Ali's mother and father were let into the dressing room.

"How are you, Gee?" his mother asked.

"There's Bird," Ali said softly, each using a term of affection for the other.

"How's my baby, Gee?"

"I'm all right, Bird," Ali said. He remained motionless, his head pillowed on the towels.

Ali's father shouted, "They robbed us!" He is a small, dapper man, who often sports saddle shoes that give him the appearance of wearing spats, and he speaks in a quicksilver rush of words that is difficult to understand, though on this night he was very explicit. "Robbed," he said bitterly.

The dressing room began to get crowded. Photographer Gordon Parks turned up, with two Nikon cameras in the pockets of his trench coat. "The guns were

loaded," he said later. He looked at Ali—the puffed face, the curious fetal position on the rubbing table, his people standing anxiously around. His compassion for Ali overcame his professional instincts, and he stood by the rubbing table and grinned at the fighter, hunching his shoulders, not shooting pictures.

Parks was joined by Jerry Perenchio, the entrepreneur who had promoted the bout. He fingered his bow tie as he stared down at the motionless fighter. Ali looked up at him. "You're the one who went and got me whipped," he said.

Occasionally, as he lay on the table, Ali's eyes would open and he would recognize someone and say in an odd, tender, resigned sort of voice, "We got whipped." His protest was mild when Angelo Dundee, his trainer, and Dr. Ferdie Pacheco, the doctor in his corner, insisted that he be taken to the hospital for a check of his swollen jaw. He did not have the strength to dress himself. Bundini fitted socks over his feet. Then he lifted Ali's legs and tried to insert them into the trouser legs. "Come on, champ." He pulled the trousers up to the thighs and discovered he had put them on backward. The towel fell away from Ali's waist. "Keep that towel on him," somebody called. "We got women in the room."

"Oh my," Bundini said in a half whisper. "His mother. She gonna fall over in a dead faint!"

A protective cordon of men stood in front of the rubbing table as the naked fighter, almost a deadweight, was lifted and jockeyed into his clothes. Bundini zipped up his trousers.

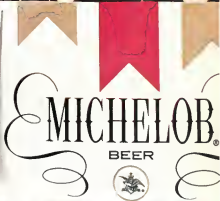
"Go home, Bird," Ali said, his mind on his mother. "I'll be home soon."

Defeat for Emile Griffith invariably provoked a long rambling discourse in his dressing room; regrets, accusations, homilies, worries about his responsibility to his mother. He was heavily favored at 13 to 5 when he lost his middleweight title to Nino Benvenuti in a Garden awash with Italian flags. That night he paced around his dressing room complaining in the high singsong vocal style of his native Virgin

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REQUIEM continued

Islands. Finally, he got out of his boxing gear and into the shower. "They're stolen my title," he said, the water streaming down his face. "I feel naked without my crown." He was so preoccupied that he failed to notice he was still wearing his socks.

They got Ali into a limousine for the ride uptown to the Flower & Fifth Avenue Hospitals at Fifth Avenue and 106th Street. Outside Madison Square Garden the streets were crowded with people trying to find a place to wind down after the fight. Ali's supporters had planned to join a party in the Americana Hotel where Count Basie's orchestra was playing: the Frazier crowd would be turning up to hear Duke Ellington, and possibly the champion himself, at the Statler Hilton Hotel. Ali's plan that night, had he won, was relatively relaxed. He was going to have some ice cream, some soda, and he was going to "meet and greet" a few of the people, just for a while, since he reckoned he would be a little sleepy. In the limousine Ali looked like a parody of the wholesome post-fight ice-cream eater—more like a drunk being transported home after a considerable binge, sprawled as he was across the back seat.

When he fought in New York, the victory parties for Joe Louis were traditionally held at 555 Edgercombe Ave., up on Harlem's Sugar Hill. Charlie Glenn, a prominent Chicago businessman, was in charge of the one planned after the Ezzard Charles fight, and it was to go on whatever the outcome. Louis himself was the first to arrive after the debate. He had been terribly cut up, even in the body, by Charles' attack. Glenn ran him a hot tub filled with Epsom salts. He could hear the fighter groan as he eased himself down into it. There were liquor bottles everywhere in the apartment, placed around for the celebration. The only other guest turned up at 3 in the morning.

There was very little conversation on the way up to the hospital through Cen-

tral Park. Angelo Dundee, staring out the window, could not keep his mind off the contradictions of the fight. The whole plan, he kept thinking, had been to keep the other guy moving, to turn him, never to face him head on, never to stay in the line of fire. And never to trade hooks. Suicide that, to trade hooks with a hooker. And there his man was, hooking to beat the band, lolling on the ropes—completely taboo, that was. He'd shouted at him between the rounds. Ali would flop down on the stool. "How'd I do?" was always his first question. Angelo would shout, "You blew the round."

Still, for all of it, Dundee believed his fighter had won—a biased view, he would be the first to admit—and he sat in the dark limousine and thought about what might have been.

Ferdie Pacheco was also in the limousine. He is a doctor who has been in Ali's corner since the start of his career, a fight-game follower who on this night's ride up through Central Park toward the hospital kept shaking his head in awe at what he had seen, punches of such power that in Ali's case, when he had examined him in the dressing room, he found that the hip joints were swollen, the first time he had ever seen such a thing in his years of examining fighters. When had such a thing ever happened before? The hip joints, the toughest joints in the human carcass. Why, they hold up the whole body; they can withstand almost anything. And yet Ali's were swollen, almost paralyzing him. The esthetics, even the legality of the low hip punches of Frazier did not disturb the doctor in the least. It was inevitable that a bobbing, crouching, hook-style fighter was going to hit low, particularly against a stand-up fighter like Ali. No, it was the power.

Ali, sprawled in the backseat of the limousine, stirred and said, "Must have been a helluva fight 'cause I'm sure tired." The voice was very slow, and the doctor could see the fighter had slipped back into a state that reminded him of a diabetic coma. The fighter's jaw was enormous in the dim illumination of the passing streetlights. The

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REQUIEM *continued*

doctor said later that the ride was the longest of his life. A gynecologist friend of his, Dr. Gus Moreno, had made the arrangements at the hospital, 70-odd blocks up the spine of Manhattan, and Dr. Pacheco kept thinking of the available hospitals they were passing, any one of which, if his fighter had neurological damage, they should have turned into. And he kept thinking of the power of the punches he'd seen.

Joe Grim was born Saverio Giannone, a second-rate fighter in the early part of the century whose forte was to take punishment. He fought everyone—Joe Gans, Jack Blackburn, Jack Johnson, Sailor Burke, Sam McVey. But it was his practice at the end of a fight, no matter what his condition, to totter to the ropes and call out: "I am Joe Grim—I fear no man on earth." In 1903 he was matched against Bob Fitzsimmons, inventor of the solar-plexus punch, and though beaten and absolutely pulverized by the sixth round, he managed to coil noisily to the crowd, "I am Joe Grim—I fear no man on earth."

Ali lay down on the table to be X-rayed and almost immediately dozed off. The X-ray technician, Booker T. Hardy, took four pictures with his machine (its brand name is Eureka), each time having to rouse the fighter to change his position on the table. Hardy had heard about Ali's loss while driving to the hospital for his night's tour of duty, which usually consists of X-raying people who have been in falls or automobile accidents, or victims of an occasional mugging. Sometimes a few distinguished East Siders who get messed up in barroom scrapes turn up, but until the night of March 8 the most famous patient Hardy could remember ever having under his equipment was the British actor, Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

Hardy did not expect an exceptional evening at the hospital, but as he was going on his rounds he got a call on his "bleeper"—a radio device that doctors carry in their pockets—that a patient was coming in and that he should get ready to do a mandible, which is an X

ray of the jaw. "I never made the connection," Hardy said later, "until in he came, draped across the shoulders of his people."

It was the doctors' opinion, all of them, that Ali should spend the night in the hospital. A room had been booked under another name. But Ali, apparently asleep on the graphite X-ray table, suddenly roused himself, the heads all turning as they heard his voice, and announced softly that he did not want to stay in the hospital.

"O.K.," said Dundee.

"Make it look like Joe Frazier put me in the hospital, and that's not true."

"Right," said Dundee. "O.K."

"Take me back to the hotel."

They draped him over their shoulders and moved him out to the elevator, through a crowd of interns and nurses staring at him wide-eyed. As the elevator doors closed, many of them heard him call, "The greatest is gone."

(The night after Ali's visit to the hospital a man was mugged on the West Side. Small and slightly rotund, he still put up a stout struggle, his defense galvanized by the odd fixation that if he gave in to his attackers he was going to be tied up and stabbed. He was beaten very badly—both eyes almost entirely shut, his face grotesquely swollen. When the police found him, he persuaded them to take him to the Flower Hospital. That was where the champion had gone the night before, he told them, and that was where he wanted to go, if they didn't mind. He could barely speak through his bloated lips. The police shrugged, and they took him to the hospital he wanted. He was X-rayed on the same table as Ali the night before. Booker T. Hardy took the films. But the man's X rays are not in the files with Muhammad Ali's. Ali's disappeared the night of the fight—stolen, most likely, for a souvenir.)

Ricky Graziano: "They look at you different. How soon they forget. It's no longer Hi ya, champ! It's Hello. After I get belted out by Tony Zale—well, after, it's a very difficult feeling. Yourself, you feel funny. You feel self-

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REQUIEM continued

conscious. You go to the old places, the old joints, and you walk in and it's completely different. Everybody is very uneasy."

The day after the fight Ali checked out of the New Yorker Hotel, and at the wheel of a blue and white camper bus purchased on impulse in Florida a month ago he drove to his new estate in Cherry Hill, N.J. The house, set back about 50 yards from a curve in the road, is Spanish in design, with an interior courtyard and tiled roof. A number of Spanish lanterns on tall wrought-iron stands are set about the property. These go on automatically at sundown, along with clusters of spotlights placed in the trees, so that at night the beige-walled house shines as if set in a carnival midway. Whatever direction one comes along the road, the property lies in full view, impossible not to notice. On the first days after the fight hundreds of people turned

up, cars parked for three miles along the road. Some of the people, carrying banners, came shyly down the short, steep driveway, perhaps put off by large lettered signs on both the back and front doors of the house that read, in a variety of spellings, NO VISITORS. HOUSE UNDER CONSTRUCTION.

The signs were certainly not Ali's idea. His house is his newest possession (along with a 1901 Oldsmobile that steers with a stick—a gift he says he bought for his 3-year-old daughter), and it is his nature to want to show it to anyone who comes along. He walks out into the driveway, calling out to the children, signing autographs, roughhousing with the dogs, waving to the girls, his hand occasionally drifting up to touch his jaw as he sits about collecting a group of sightseers who stare oddly at the sign on the door as he leads them into the house.

His enthusiasm is particularly galling to his wife Belinda, who sits gloomily

in front of the television set while hordes of complete strangers are paraded by and shown about the home. Reggie Thomas, the chauffeur, sympathizes with her. "They should have signs up on the roof," he says. "MUSEUM! GUIDED TOURS! COME ONE, COME ALL!" He shook his head. "And the house still isn't half decorated."

Ali, who is handling the interior decoration himself, has a particular obsession with glass light fixtures, especially chandeliers. Each room has a chandelier, often two of them, with their own rheostats so that the light, reflected and shining off the countless pendants, can be adjusted to best effect. Ali bought almost all of them in Miami, a wide variety of sizes and shapes, invariably delicate rather than massive, though some of them reach halfway to the floor. Visitors must crouch under or step around these. "I like pretty things," Ali says. There is a chandelier in the master bath-

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Lively and gregarious as ever, Ali grants interviews to all comers in his living room.

room that hangs from a vermillion ceiling. As Ali conducts his tour he flicks on the chandelier in each room, starting the light low with the rheostat control and then blazing it up full power to try to extract a gasp from his tour group.

None of the rooms have been completed except for the lighting. A large oil painting of Elijah Muhammad, the Muslim leader, sits on the floor of one room, propped up against the wall. There are very few tables. A bouquet of flowers with a card from Aretha Franklin is on the floor next to the painting. The half-finished state of the house does not faze Ali, or the people on his tour.

"This is the master bedroom," he says. The room is dark, with wrapping paper taped across the windows in lieu of curtains. He clicks on the chandelier. The room is entirely done in a bright red, close to hot pink, with wall-to-wall carpeting. The bed, a large round model, has a red coverlet. Ali leads the tour across to the bathroom door, pounds on it, calling out to make sure no one is within, and then lets the people crowd in to see it—the vermillion walls, the black marble basins, the sunken Roman

bath at one end with gold faucets and a little bouquet of flowers set on a shelf.

There is no talk about the fight. The visitors chat with him about his house. He picks up the small children and whispers in their ear. The older ones stare at him.

"Why don't you say something?" a mother says, shaking her child. "You talk so much around the house. You haven't said a word."

Ali pokes him in the shoulder. The youngster backs away.

"Think him, Lewin," the mother says crossly. "Where your manners? You can tell all your friends in school that you've been punched by Muhammad Ali."

"Aw, Mum," the boy says.

The nontour visitors, the more official callers or friends who want to sit and talk, are ushered to a living-room section covered with a vast Kelly green rug fenced off by a guard rope that one is allowed to step over only after removing one's shoes.

Interviews are granted in this area. Three days after the fight, two white boys from a neighboring high school came in to do an interview for their

school paper. One of them, the taller, was very professional and unimpressed. He unpacked his tape recorder, a small, inexpensive model, and plugged in a microphone extension that he handed to Ali, who was looting on the sofa. The other boy had come along apparently to handle the camera work. He had a Polaroid camera, which he carried awkwardly, hefting it up and down as if he wished to put it somewhere. He perhaps was abashed by having revealed, when he stripped off his shoes, that he was wearing socks which didn't match. He stared at Ali. Finally, he lifted his camera for a snapshot, clicking it rather wildly as if to get his assignment done without being caught at it, but the flash-bulb failed to go off.

The other boy clucked his tongue. "Tom, give me that thing." He angled into view in front of Ali, down on one knee, one leg stretched out, very professional, as if he were taking a picture through a police line. The bulb went off.

"What are you going to do with the picture?" Ali asked as they waited for the photograph to develop.

"It'll be on the school bulletin board," the boy said. He pulled the developed picture out of the camera and handed the negative paper to Tom, who took it, not knowing what to do with it, and finally stuffed it in his pocket.

"The jaw shows real well, don't it," said Ali, looking at the photograph.

The boy reporter produced a paper from his jacket. He had a long list of questions. He sat on the edge of the sofa and cleared his throat.

"Is the machine working?" said Ali. "Got to always check it out." He mumbled a few words into the microphone and his interrogator bent over his equipment.

"When is this going to appear?" asked Ali. "What's the name of the paper?"

"Well, we don't actually have a paper," the photographer suddenly said in a rush of words. "He'll write it up"—he gestured nervously at the boy on the sofa—"and it'll be pinned up on the school bulletin board."

"Oh," said Ali.

"The kids will come by on their

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REQUIEM continued

way to classes and they'll read it."

"Oh, yes," Ali said.

The boy who was sitting on the sofa pursed his lips and rolled his eyes. "Can we begin?"

The minuscule audience he would reach with his interview had no effect on Ali's performance; he talked with care and at such length that the boy who was the reporter kept looking into the machine from time to time to see if his tape was going to hold out.

"What is the main thing you think back on, remembering the fight?"

"All through the fight I kept thinking, 'My, I just got hit with the left hook again—' I don't get hit with left hooks, but he was doing it, accurate hard hooks, to the head and to the hips. The first two left hooks he hit me with, well, I thought he'd got some lucky ones in, but he kept them coming . . ."

The failed photographer, who had been staring at Ali, asked, "How . . . I mean, how do you defend . . .?"

Ali demonstrated, a hand up alongside his head. "I had my hands too low," he said.

The interviewer rattled his paper impatiently. "What was your battle plan? Did it change?"

"In the third or fourth round I saw I had to change my plan. A good fighter must learn how to do this. If something's going wrong, he must adjust. That's what happened to Ellis when he fought Frazer. He kept doing the same thing he was doing, which got him into trouble."

"What did you do?" asked the photographer. "I mean . . . what?"

"Teen, keep quiet," the reporter said. "You're wasting tape."

Ali went on, unperturbed. "After I saw he took my best shots—lefts, up-pereuts, hooks, right-hand leads, good shots—and he keep coming, I knew the fight was going to be long and that there were no way I could dance for 15 rounds with that man and not get tired 'long about the 10th or 11th round. So I know I must come down off my toes and plan to outpoint him. Then I lost a couple. I played around—rounds I could have took."

The reporter rattled his list. "What

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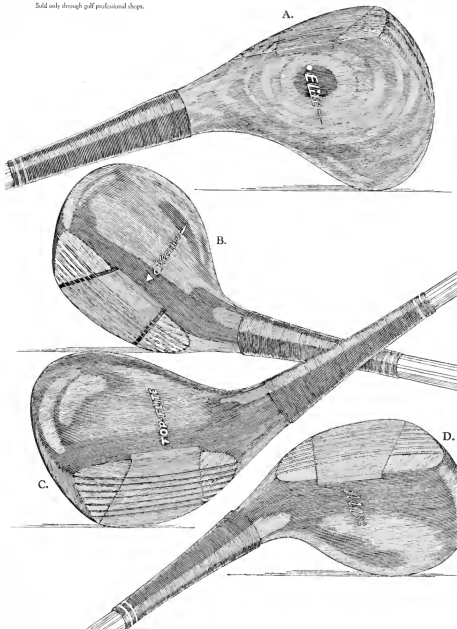
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HITTING WAS MY LIFE
Ted Williams
from *Sports Illustrated*, June 24, 1968

REQUIEM continued

is your honest impression of Joe Frazier?"

"We both have respect for the other, more than when we start," Ali said. "But Frazier do one thing that he should not do if he expect to keep fighting. He accepts too many punches to get in. It messes up your face too much, takes too much out of you. He look much worse than me after the fight. I hit him three times what he hits me. Of course, that left hook of his leave a swale"—his hand stole up to his cheek—"but nothing else. When that swale go down, I won't have a mark, not a bruise. . . ."

The boy looked down at his list. "Was it," he asked, "your opinion that Joe Frazier was easy to hit with a punch?"

"Yes," Ali said.

The boy waited for amplification. None was forthcoming.

The fighter touched his cheek again, running his hand over the swollen conformity.

"But what do you look at?" the photographer interrupted suddenly. "I mean when you fight. Do you look at his nose?"

"You look at his head," Ali said. "He moves his head better than any fighter I know. But I get in maybe eight out of the 10 punches I throw."

The tape machine clicked. The tape had apparently run out. The reporter gave a petulant sigh and looked at his photographer.

"Could I ask you something?" the photographer said. He was wearing a field jacket that read **BEARS** on the back.

"What is it like to . . . lose . . . I mean."

Ali shifted easily on the sofa. "Oh, they all talked about me that if he ever lose, he'll shoot himself, he'll die. But I'm human. I've lost one out of 32, and it was a decision that could have gone another way. If I'd gone down three times and got up and was beat real bad, really whupped, and the other fighter was so superior, then I'd look at myself and say I'm washed up. That is what is sad. The fellow who's through, who's got nothing left. . . ."

"Well, do you . . . do you think back on the fights?"

"Not as much as I thought I would," Ali answered. "Fighting is more of a

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REQUIEM continued

business now than the glory of who won. After all, when all the praise is over," and he shifted into the low singsong voice that he uses for rhetoric and poetry, "when all the fanfare is done, all that counts is what you have to show for. All the bleeding; the world still turns. I was so tired. I lost it. But I didn't shed one tear. I got to keep living. I'm not ashamed."

Floyd Patterson spent two weeks following his defeat by Eugene Johnson locked in his house in Rockville Center. He slept fitfully, perhaps for an hour at a time, relentlessly refighting the bout in his mind. His wife kept begging him to take her out. He finally agreed—as long as it was at night, so no one could recognize him, and she would agree to go to a show where they could sit in the darkness. They came around a corner, and on the marquee was the announcement that the theater was showing films of the Patterson-Johnson fight. Patterson turned on his heel. He looked himself back in his house. His wife was upset. There was nothing Patterson could do about it. He is very proud of his feelings. He trusts them. He attributes his success to them. He found a wake-up man from Poughkeepsie who made him a whole series of disguises—various types of beards and mustaches and wigs. The best one, according to Patterson, was an old man's disguise supplemented with a cane. He wore this one to watch a Jose Torres fight, hobbling into the Garden in an old man's walk. He had perfected out in the woods. The disguise worked. It would have been a shame if he had been recognized.

Ten of them had gone to the neighborhood theater in Cherry Hill the evening before to watch the 25-minute film condensation of the fight. Ali had a fine time—chuckling at his antics, shaking his head at Frazier's left hooks, chatting with his friends, quite detached from the spectacle unfolding on the screens. It was as if his connection with the fight on the screen was nonexistent. He was

a bemused observer, perhaps, who had put down a small bet on Ali and now thought himself a fool for having backed such a cluck. His greatest apparent enjoyment came during the 11th round, the crucial round that had seen Ali clubbed with a left hook that knocked him splay-legged across the ring. What tickled Ali was how Frazier came after him—quick, purposeful steps, and with such a distance to go that he could afford the luxury of dropping his arms completely, so that the camera seemed to view a man hurrying down the street for a bus.

Ali got up in his living room to demonstrate.

"Here's me," he said, snapping his head to one side from the imaginary hook, then taking big backward steps, his head gracefully dodging the chandelier, his black-stockinged feet picking up green fluff from the carpet. "I need to pedal back," he said as he moved. "He really tagged me, so I have to stay away from him and clear my head."

"Now there's Frazier coming after me," and he went into a little strutting walk, hands down, which brought him back to the sofa on which he flopped, laughing. "That long, long walk of Frazier. Oh my, we were laughing at that."

A Dialogue with Dr. Pacheco:

"Did it surprise you . . . how your friend has reacted to adversity?"

"Oh, everyone was brainwashed. They thought a loudmouth like Ali would react to being beaten by wincing and moaning and carrying on like a child. They forget that the past three years he's had to go through a number of very severe confrontations—socially, religiously, politically, monetarily—in each of which he's been naked over the coals. Socially, he's learned what it is to be despised by his countrymen. He was tossed out of a religious organization he feels very strongly about. His politics got him into such trouble that jail continues to be a possibility. His money-making potential was taken away by the boxing commissions. Well, all this hurting must have helped carry him through the fight."

"Do you think, though, that fighters

continued

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REQUIEM continued

have it easier—losing? I mean as opposed to team players who always seem to be kicking down locker-room doors and punting helmets, etcetera?"

"Maybe fighters do have it easier—when they lose. I mean, it's just you and the other guy. So if you lose, you've got only yourself to blame. Or the judges. If you fight to your capacity, and the other guy wins, then you can be very stoical about it. If you get knocked out, well, how can you argue about that? Grim resignation, that's about all."

"Still, it can't be easy."

"But maybe it's harder for the team player, you see, who has the frustration of not being able to put the blame on anyone, such as himself, for a loss. So he takes it out on the locker-room door—or those helmets."

"It's indicative, isn't it, that after a tight team game the players troop off the field, usually without a word to each other, whereas fighters, well, there's always that acknowledgment, a smile, a word, a gesture, a tap with the glove."

"Of course."

"That has nothing to do, though, with what's happening inside their heads."

"No."

"Certainly not what's going on in their dreams."

"No, certainly not."

Ali was looking out the window and waving as the cars would slow down, the people gawking.

"So life will change, will it, after losing?"

He turned away and sat down. "I remember thinking that it would be more relaxing to be a loser. It would be a pleasure if nobody was after me. All the people, all the fuss, the TV appearances, all of that would die and I could cut the grass and landscape the house and sit around with my family and relax."

"Losing all that wouldn't mean a thing?"

"Not a thing." He folded his hands over his stomach and yawned.

Horns sounded out in the driveway, and a babble of voices. "The people are all around, though. Let's go out and see them."

END

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by **JERRY KRAMER**, five-time all-pro guard with the Green Bay Packers and author of "Instant Replay," "Farewell to Football" and "Lombardi—Winning is the Only Thing."

I know how the insurance man feels. If he does his job well, if nothing goes wrong, nobody notices him. It's something like being an offensive lineman.

Of course, when I was playing, I had it a lot easier than the insurance man. I had no trouble persuading our quarterback he needed protection. He was willing to take all



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Indianapolis

the protection I could offer him. But the insurance man has to go around persuading people they need to be protected, and that's one of the toughest jobs in the world. I guess we've all got the feeling we're immortal, that nothing can happen to us.

I used to feel that way myself. Nowadays, I'm a little more reasonable. There's something about two dozen operations—most of them major—that make you realize your own mortality. I've had surgery on just about every part of my body—I've got so many stitches from head to ankle my teammates used to call me "Zipper"—and I don't know where I'd be without some awfully good doctors. And some awfully good insurance men. Thanks to them, I've still got my health—and my financial

security program.

The insurance man's job is tougher than mine was in another way. I just had to protect the quarterback—or the man running with the football. The insurance man's got to protect the whole team—the whole family. He's got to think about you and your wife and your children and about everyone who's dependent on you. He's got to anticipate your problems; he's got to think about the things you don't like to think about.

He's got to know more about you, in some ways, than you know about yourself. He's got to know your value—to yourself and to others. He's got to be your teammate and your coach at the same time.

The doctors and the lawyers—they're the glamorous professionals. They're the quarterbacks and the

running backs of the protection business; they get the headlines and the cheers and the glory. The insurance man—he's the lineman; he's my kind of guy. He's got to go in and plug and do the hard work, and sometimes he runs into resistance, and a lot of the time he's not fully appreciated. He knows how it feels to be overlooked when they hand out the Most Valuable Player awards.

But there's one big consolation: the insurance man knows how important he is. One thing about us linemen; we don't have to be told what kind of a job we're doing. We can feel it. We get the aches and the bruises, but we know, when we're doing our jobs right, that we're protecting someone. That's a good feeling. Ask any lineman. Ask any insurance man.



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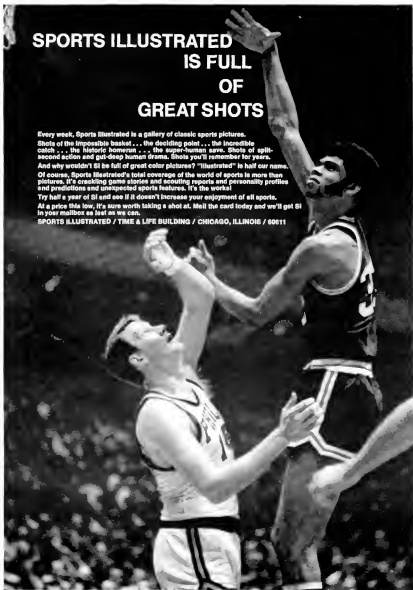
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

VALUES

Sirs:

Your March 22 *Sports Illustrated* remarks about the poor being priced out of viewing the Frazer-Clay fight were callous, to say the least. It was not only the poor who were barred. I don't consider myself poor, but millions of the elderly as well as the nonunion workers are priced out of many sports events unless they are on network television. I have been a rabid sports fan all of my life, but today, due to the get-rich-quick greed of the stars in the entertainment and professional sports world, I can no longer afford the prices.

So far as the fight was concerned, all that millions of us hoped to do was to read about it. Even with today's complete disregard for values, can you honestly maintain that those two men were worth \$5 million? What will the rematch bring, twice that amount?

This era is unique. We are sports fans never before have we been barred quite so ruthlessly.

WILLIAM A. FAIRBY

Margate, Fla.

Sirs:

Right on (as they say) with your March 22 editorial. You've got into the mainstream of American thought. "Familiar and boring" are the right terms for the *Tennis* arguments and you might also add "shrill," like a peevish old woman.

Stay in there. You are well aware that sport seems to be the only place where excellence is rewarded and where exceptional doesn't mean retarded.

JAMES E. GATES, PH.D.
College of Business Administration
University of Georgia

Athens, Ga.

NO HOME ON THE RANGE (CONT.)

Sirs:

In regard to Part 2 of your series *The Poisoning of the West* (March 8 et seq.), I doubt very much if the author has ever had the experiences of caring for a flock of sheep during lambing when it is 30 below, nursing every lamb to health and tending each one until it is big enough to be turned out onto green grass only to have some mangy coyote come through and kill 20 at one time just for the fun of it. Personally, I would rather have a few grouse, chickens and pheasants running around instead of coyotes, foxes and raccoons.

It might not be a bad idea for you to get the shepherd's view, after all, most are not as terrible as your article suggests.

MRS. JOE MORSE

Twodot, Mont.

Sirs:

Jack Olsen wrote some real fine articles, but I feel he should have cut out a few extraneous comments. For instance, in Part 3 Olsen quoted some conservationists who exaggerated the number of coyotes being killed by poison by about as much as some of the sheepmen exaggerated the number of their flocks being killed by coyotes. The statement by trapper John W. Crook that the coyotes in southern Colorado had been whipped by poison in the 1940s was about as farfetched as it could be.

I live in southern Colorado and the days are few and far between that we can't step out the door at some time during the night or early morning and hear coyotes howling. We can always find fresh tracks and signs in the brush and foothills. On the contrary, coyotes obviously are gaining in numbers here.

In general I agree with Olsen. We make the main part of our living from sheep, and as long as the rabbits are left alone the coyotes bother us very little! When they do, it is usually only a certain one that will keep coming back. Coyotes did not infest the country before Government trapping began. Why should they suddenly overrun it now? It would be to the nation's shame if coyotes were brought to extinction!

NORMAN HUMAN

Blanca, Colo.

Sirs:

My home is in the Berkeley hills. We are overrun by hundreds of deer. They ruin our gardens. We could use coyotes, mountain lions and bobcats to help balance the population.

LI RON D. SMITH

Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs:

Jack Olsen's superb exposure of the Federal Government's disastrous predator control program is another example of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s continuing efforts on behalf of wildlife.

More and more we of the Sierra Club are seeing signs of increasing citizen and legislative awareness. Endangered-species bills have been introduced in several states. New York has enacted two of the best. California is considering protection for the mountain lion, and New Mexico has taken the first steps. New Jersey has held hearings on endangered-species legislation and will remove the bobcat and black bear from the hunting list if proposed regulations are accepted. And in Washington bills have been introduced to protect hawks and owls, wild horses, tule elk, predators and rare species and to control hunting

from aircraft. More than 50 such bills are now in various committees.

Each advance is over the opposition of some concerned group such as sheepmen, cattlemen, farmers and, frequently, hunters. Fortunately, these same groups also contain many enlightened individuals.

About three years ago the Atlantic Chapter of the Sierra Club established a special committee on endangered species and wildlife. Our committee, representing a new area of emphasis within the club, has triggered similar committees in chapters around the country and last month a national endangered-species committee was authorized by the Sierra Club's board of directors. Our most important weapon is public education. We look to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* to continue to be a leader in this effort.

ROBERT C. HUGHES

Trenton, N.J.

Sirs:

I wish to applaud SA and Jack Olsen. I hope we will realize, before it is too late, that ignorance, selfishness and greed have put us on a collision course with disaster.

ROLAND B. CARLSON

Long Lake, Minn.

Sirs:

Jack Olsen's last sentence holds the key: "We animals of the earth are a single family, and the death of one only hurries the others toward the final patch of darkness."

STEVE GALEY

San Francisco

DARTING DODGERS

Sirs:

Thank you so much for William Leggett's fine article featuring Wes Parker and the 1971 Dodgers (in *Green Is the New Red*, March 22). All L.A. fans see the great talent and potential of a sure pennant winner. Around here it's called Dodger Fever.

ROSE LINDO

North Hollywood, Calif.

Sirs:

The Dodgers have about as much chance as a man in a footrace with a Ferrari. You gotta pick the Big Red Machine!

DOUG BLACKMAN

Tucson

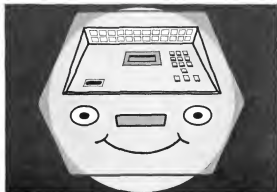
SHORT & STOP

Sirs:

John Underwood must be congratulated on his article (*They're Ho-Hummers No More*, March 15). Whether Denny McLain and Curt Flood will help the Washington Senators this season remains to be seen.

continued

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10TH HOLE *PROLOGUE*

but their presence will be felt at the gate. And if the team does make a good showing, most likely it will be because of these two "bad boys" whom Mr. Short, who must also be congratulated, cleverly obtained.

MARC RABIDEAU

Mineville, N.Y.

Sirs:

Mr. Short may think the Senators need "characters" to draw fans, but the fact is that the area around the stadium is one of the real reasons for declining attendance. Who wants to be mugged in order to see a ball game. You can do that at home. Also, I am sure that, given the choice, a fan would rather watch the Baltimore Orioles instead of the Senators, considering the distance between the two clubs and the levels of their talents.

RICHARD D. LEWIS

Huntington Park, Calif.

EASTERN BASKETBALL

Sirs:

Thanks for the article on the Eastern Basketball Association (*Teaching It Our Around the Purgatory League*, March 15). It reminded me of the time when the Patriots were around town. Scores often wound up as high as 160-140. There was also an abundance of fistcuffs, technical fouls, etc. Obviously, the league has come a long way since those days. Hats off for a wonderful feature that showed what the game of basketball is all about.

BILL CALDWELL

Harrisburg, Pa.

TOUCHE

Sirs:

Don DelliQuanti's story on fencing at New York University ("*For What Else Do You Do?*" March 8) would be duly appreciated by anyone who has been part of Hugo Castello's tenure as coach of the Violet parriers. To me, as a former sports publicity director for the university and one intimately familiar with the trials and tribulations of a maestro in a sport that rarely reaches the newspapers, it seems even more fitting.

Some readers may cringe at Castello's projection of New York Knick Center Willis Reed as a world-championship class épée fencer, but he was not just making words. In the fall of 1965 Hugo spotted a gangling 6' 4" sophomore hustling through the classroom halls at NYU's Washington Square campus, took off in hot pursuit and asked the boy if he were an athlete. Startled, the boy replied, "If you call JV tennis and soccer in high school athletics, yes." Castello sold him on a few fencing lessons, and 18 months later George Masin won the NCAA title in épée.

Unfortunately, fencing has too long carried the stigma of a sissy sport. Quite the con-

continued



Switch Story

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18TH HOLE *continued*

trary, fencing demands as much physical and emotional preparation as most major sports. Castello brings out the best of both in his papers.

JOHN F. GALT

New York City

PROSPECTS ON ICE

SIN

We in St. Catharines, Ontario and, I would imagine, many others in cities with Ontario Hockey Association Junior A teams, take issue with the statement by Mark Mulvey (*To Pick a Golden Joker*, March 1) that Guy Lafleur is the outstanding junior player in Canada and virtually the automatic first draft choice by National Hockey League teams next June.

As the story indicates, Lafleur plays in a much weaker league than the OHA Junior A and, while we don't dispute that he is a fine player, we feel that the record of Marcel Dionne during his three years with the St. Catharines Black Hawks is more impressive.

In his first season with St. Catharines (1968-69) Dionne, despite missing the opening five games because of problems in obtaining his transfer from Drummondville, Quebec, finished second in points scored to Reneau Houle of the Montreal Junior Canadiens by only eight points—101 to 109—and was the first rookie in the more than 40 years of OHA Junior A hockey to reach the 100-point mark.

Last season Dionne led the OHA Junior A League in every scoring department—goals (55), assists (77) and points (132). He finished 11 points above Gil Perreault of the Junior Canadiens, who was the first draft choice by Buffalo and who now appears to be headed toward Rookie of the Year honors in the NHL.

This year Dionne missed six weeks and 14 games of the schedule because of a broken collarbone, but nevertheless has an excellent chance of becoming the first player to win the points championship in two successive seasons. He has already scored more career points than any other player in the history of OHA Junior A hockey.

JACK GATCHEL
Sports Editor
The St. Catharines Standard
St. Catharines, Ontario

SIN

I really liked the article by Mark Mulvey. But I must disagree with the suggestion that Guy Lafleur could be another Bobby Orr. Impossible!

JIMMY LEE DUN

Baltimore

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